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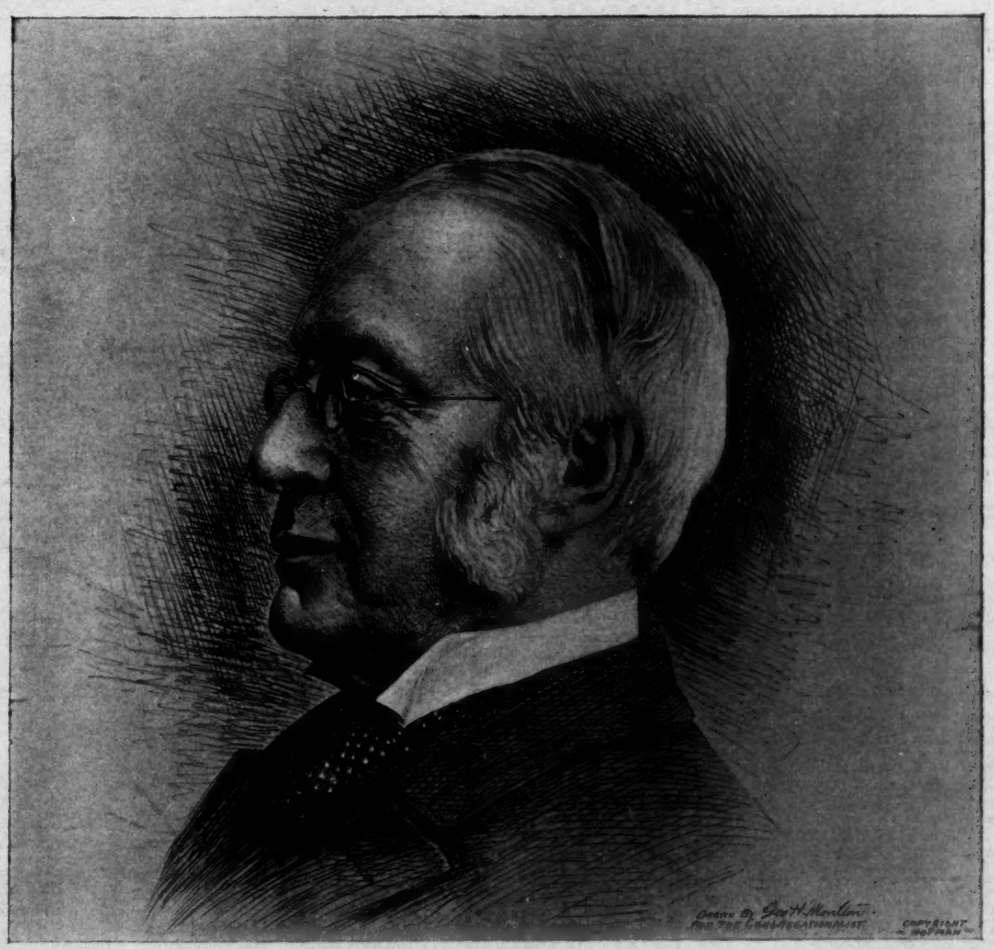

CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL. D.

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XUM

Yankton, College and Church

A successful and hopeful twenty-first Commencement marked the coming of age of Yankton College.

Miss Anna E Bugstad recently brought honor to Yankton by winning the state oratorical contest at Mitchell and the interstate contest at Fargo, with an oration on Goethe. Mr. Sidney Hoard of the academy represented Yankton at the Chicago interscholastic-athletic meet, winning the mile run over nearly thirty competitors and taking high rank in other races.

Three of the graduates plan to study for the ministry. Dr. William E. Barton's Commencement address charmed a large audience. The planting of a large bowlder upon the campus by the Class of 1903 was a picturesque outdoor feature.

Of the few changes in the faculty the most important is the retirement of Rev. E. B. Cushing from the chair of Latin, after seven years' valuable service. Popular and successful alike in classroom and on athletic field, he was also recognized throughout the state as an attractive and able preacher and was in frequent demand for sermons and addresses. He is to be succeeded by Rev. Harvey F. Smith, a graduate of Beloit College and Yale Divinity School, who has an enviable record as a teacher.

The college inaugurates this year a six weeks' summer school and offers a considerable range of studies in undergraduate, post-graduate and normal work.

President Warren will teach during this session and about Aug. 1 will enter actively upon his tremendous task of raising $50,000 before Thanksgiving to meet the condition of Dr. Pearsons's offer of $50 000 for endowment. It is a heavy burden but all feel that it rests upon strong shoulders and the record of past successes gives confidence that with the co-operation of friends West and East the money will be raised.

The Yankton church is fairly launched upon the enterprise of erecting a new $25,000 building. Plans are being drawn and work will be begun during the summer. At one time in the campaign failure seemed certain. The trustees and business men definitely gave up the undertaking, and the pastor accepted a call to an associate editorship on the Pilgrim Press. But at this juncture President Warren returned from the East, and rallied the church to new effort by securing from the college trustees a pledge of $1,000 from their meager current expense fund, in recognition of past gifts from church to college. This was followed by unexpected and generous support from local business men outside the regular church constituency. In one week enough good pledges were in hand for the church to assure the Building Society, as security for their generous response in the crisis, that there would be no other debt on the property than their own claim. Upon the urgent appeal of the church, the publishing committee of the Pilgrim Press released the pastor from his acceptance of their call, and now pastor and people go strongly and happily forward to secure the equipment for a great future work.

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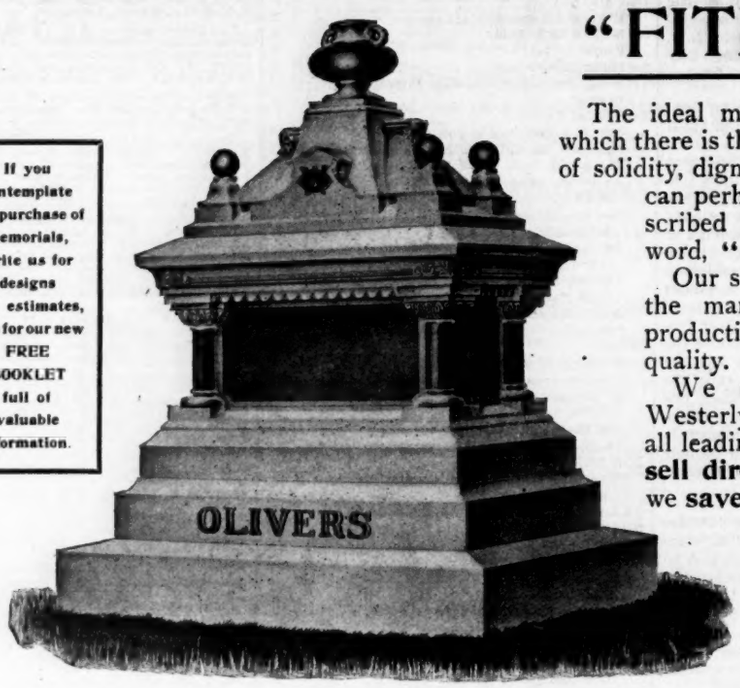

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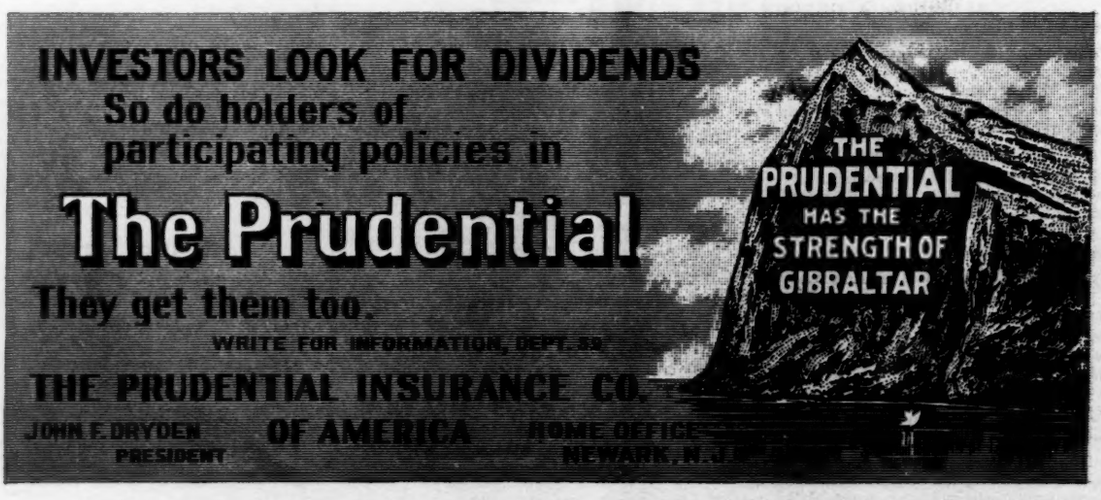

THE CONGREGATIONALIST

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Event and Comment

President Eliot

President Eliot of Harvard University and president also this year of the National Education Association, which meets in Boston, July 6–10, has been termed by President Tucker of Dartmouth College, "The most religious man among us," the collective pronoun presumably referring to American educators. He has been the champion of non-sectarianism at Harvard, of non-compulsory attendance on religious worship, and of putting the divinity school of the university in close touch with the life of the university. This he has done as an official. Personally he is a Unitarian Congregationalist of an extreme type; a convinced and unswerving advocate of the non-Episcopal, non-sacerdotal conception of church government and religion, and as such may be reckoned upon in the future as in the past whenever fit opportunity offers to express his personal opinions. However much men may differ from him in point of view, they invariably respect his candor. Dr. Gordon, who writes about President Eliot in this issue, has had opportunity, first as a student at Harvard, later as member of the board of overseers and for a long time as a personal friend, to study the man whom he describes. He often totally dissents from President Eliot's views—he did last week at the Harvard Divinity School Commencement—but that does not blind him to the largeness of President Eliot's mold and the far-reaching effects of his policies. Nor should other men's dissent from the opinions of the president of Harvard blind them to his worth.

Rest and Change

Summer smiled suddenly out of the New England gloom last week, after many damp, chill days. It gave a new impetus to vacation plans, new life to hotels and boarding houses by the sea and in the mountains. Few realize the extent of the change in American life at this season. It is suggested by miles of stone and brick front houses on Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, untenanted and with boarded windows. It is indicated by new train schedules accommodating the thousands of people that daily escape into the hills, by loaded steamships leaving all our seaports, and by the crowds on the beaches from Coney Island to Eastport. Several millions of youth have just left the schools and colleges and a large part of them are looking for rest and change. The majority of our people who get vacations have not yet learned how to use them. Rest does not require relaxation of conscience, but only of brain, nerves or muscles, according to one's occupation. But it does require change. The Christian worker whose tense nerves have lost their vitality does not need to cease worship, but to cease work. Let him not seek a summer school of methods where he will continue to talk and think of what he has been doing and is going to do. Let him seek solitude with nature or association with those who are interested in things new to him. Let those who have been resting seek work. Multitudes of professing Christians who have done practically nothing for their Master for months will find new opportunities of service in new surroundings. That vacation will be worse than failure which leaves the one who has had it with no invigorated spiritual life, no new knowledge of God, no new sense of having served his fellowmen.

Rare Gifts and Givers

We know men and women who anticipate each summer with plans that give them peculiar pleasure. They have money to give and use it with care. They plan a vacation of two weeks or more, the places to visit and the ways to reach them. They find self-respecting persons who cannot afford to take vacations and manage to put the plans into their minds and the money into their hands to carry them out. Sometimes these persons are school teachers, two, three or four in a company. Sometimes they are nurses, or mothers with young children, sometimes their own cooks and housemaids. We have known few who have enjoyed vacations more than those who have provided them for others who would not or could not have provided for themselves. It is a noble charity to put funds into the hands of city missionaries and Y. M. C. A. secretaries to provide for the wholesale recreation of the poor. But there is a rarer pleasure and a not less valuable service in providing experiences which will renew the life and increase the usefulness of friends or of those who are to be friends through remembering a thoughtful kindness all the year. The season when such good deeds can be done is right at hand.

The Northfield Summer

Once again students from colleges and preparatory schools all over the East are in possession of the buildings and campus at Northfield, Mass., and are having a merry and profitable time together. Abundant opportunity, as heretofore, is given for recreation and games, but the serious work of the conference, which consists of Bible instruction under competent leaders, of smaller gatherings for discussion and prayer and of enthusiastic mass meetings, is kept well to the front. John R. Mott, fresh from his trip to Australia, is presiding. A young woman's conference follows this gathering of male students and all through the current month Northfield offers inducements to people who would be helped to a better understanding of the Bible and of the way to study it through such experts as G. Campbell Morgan. August will bring the regular general conference, lasting for the first sixteen days and the call which Mr. Moody now sends out, though briefer than in past years, emphasizes no less strongly the standard of an exalted Christ as the rallying center for the meeting. The list of speakers includes from abroad, Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, D. D., of London, Prof. James Orr, D. D., of Glasgow and Rev. Samuel Chadwick of Leeds, and from America such Northfield favorites as Drs. Weston, Mabie, Torrey, Morgan and Pierson.

Methodists at Plymouth

The famous old town of Plymouth is accustomed to seeing in its quiet streets visitors from all parts of the world, but never before has it attained the distinction of being chosen as a rallying place for so distinguished a company of Methodists as will be in session there for several days beginning next week Wednesday. Then the joint commission intrusted with the important duty of preparing a common hymnal for the Methodist Episcopal Church and for the Methodist Episcopal Church South, will hold its second session, the first having been held in Nashville, Tenn., last January. The body is presided over in turn by Bishop Goodsell and Bishop Hoss. All but one of the Southern members of the commission are strangers to New England, and they are eager to see the historic town of Plymouth which, for that reason, was selected as the place for their deliberations. When it is remembered that the book which this commission will put out will be the official hymn-book of no less than fifteen million persons, the monumental character of the work is better understood. It is the greatest feat of the sort ever attempted in the history of American hymnology. Moreover, the bearing of these joint literary labors upon the ultimate reunion of the two Methodist bodies is not to be overlooked. If it is found that the members of this commission can work together happily and effectively, as they seem to be doing, the step is not a long one to a combination of missionary forces and thence to an entire obliteration of the line which

has divided American Methodism since 1846, when the split came on account of differences over the question of slavery.

Sunday Golf Despite a favoring specious opinion by the city solicitor justifying the city officials in refusing to stop Sunday golf in Medford, the local golf club thought it best last Sunday to put an end to the play which was stirring up opposition that sooner or later would have brought the issue before the courts. A judicial ruling on this matter would be timely. It is a matter of general interest and has to do with a phase of life today which the Church and the State must pass upon definitely. We are confident that if the rich and well-to-do and the professional class of men take up with Sunday sport and insist upon having it, then the wage-earners and masses will insist upon baseball, horse racing, athletic sports, etc. It is a matter where one has to look further than individual inclination and need to see what the social effects of conduct are to be, and what the force of example.

The Religion of Educated Men Frank and deliberate expression of what thinking men believe about religion would be valued highly by many who are uncertain about it themselves. Such an expression is furnished by Professor Foster of Dartmouth College in an interesting article in last week's *Outlook*. A club composed mostly of members of the college faculty studied Harnack's What Is Christianity? meeting on Sunday noons during the last winter, for free discussion. At the close thirteen members gave in writing their answers to the question of Harnack's book and these, which were read to the club, are printed in the *Outlook*. These persons approach their subject from different points of view, they lay emphasis on different experiences, but they are alike in emphasizing experience as the great essential, and it is evident that each of the thirteen would regard all the others as Christians on their own testimony. One says Christianity "is the *spirit* of Christ. It is *following* Christ." Another says Christianity "is the way of living taught and lived by Jesus Christ as recorded in the four Gospels." "One whose desire and attitude toward God and man are expressed by the Lord's Prayer is a Christian." These are only hints of the thirteen different articles which represent, probably, the mature convictions of a large majority of the teachers in our schools and colleges. The work of the club suggests what might be undertaken in many communities. We know one church a number of whose members have just completed a study of Pres. W. D. Hyde's book entitled Jesus' Way. The coming fall and winter we hope will find a large number of clubs and classes pursuing such studies and getting ready to give the results in personal testimony of conviction and experience. If Christian doctrine needs, as many hold, to be restated, this is one of the ways in which the mind of the church may find clear expression.

The Faith of College Men In line with Professor Foster's article is a description in the same paper by President Hyde of the way in which he secured a composite creed from a class of sixty students, most of whom were Seniors, in Bowdoin College. Each member of the class having written his own creed, from them all a statement was prepared, including everything which any student had affirmed except what some one of them had denied. This statement was submitted to each member, and after full discussion, with amendments and concessions as called for, it was adopted by unanimous vote. It represents, of course, the minimum of religious belief of them all, being accommodated to the view of the one who could accept the least. But it stands for so much that we need not fear for the faith or faithfulness of men who hold and are ruled by the convictions expressed in the following creed of the Bowdoin class of 1903:

I believe in one God, present in nature as law, in science as truth, in art as beauty, in history as justice, in society as sympathy, in conscience as duty, and supremely in Christ as our highest ideal.

I believe in the Bible as the expression of God's will through man; in prayer as the devotion of man's will to God; and in the church as the fellowship of those who try to do God's will in the world.

I believe in worship as the highest inspiration to work; in sacrifice as the price we must pay to make right what is wrong; in salvation as growth out of selfishness into service; in eternal life as the survival of what loves and is lovable in each individual; and in judgment as the obvious fact that the condition of the gentle, the generous, the modest, the pure and the true is always and everywhere preferable to that of the cruel, the sensual, the mean, the proud and the false.

Ritualism's Opponent Rebuked Rev. R. C. Fillingham, the Church of England clergyman who has gained prominence in Great Britain by his public protests against the forms of service used in ritualistic Episcopal churches, is in New York, and has addressed an open letter to Bishop Potter, calling his attention to similar ritualistic practices here. He specifies the service at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, which he says is absolutely illegal, and "the proceedings culminated in the elevation and adoration of the senseless elements of bread and wine—an act of idolatry which, as our Prayer-Book says, should be abhorred by all Christians." Mr. Fillingham intimated in his letter to the bishop that if the latter does nothing to "excise this plague spot" he will feel it his duty with a band of friends to protest publicly against the idolatry. Bishop Potter replied that it was ungentlemanly to publish a letter until the person to whom it was addressed had acknowledged its receipt, and that the contents of Mr. Fillingham's letter indicated the lunacy of the writer by supposing that the Episcopal Church in New York is governed by the laws of the Church of England. He says further that the rector of St. Mary the Virgin has his respect and confidence, and although his modes of worship may be no more to the bishop's taste than to Mr. Fillingham's, yet he is not following them without the former's privity and knowledge. Bishop Potter adds that he has advised the rector of St. Mary the Virgin to apply for a detail of police so that if Mr. Fillingham and his friends disturb the service they may be thrown into the street. Bishop Potter decided to be an opportunist a long time ago.

A Brighter Outlook for the L. M. S. We would be among those who are congratulating the London Missionary Society, the sister organization of the American Board, on the fact that bright skies are replacing the clouds which have overspread so much of its firmament during the last few years. In place of a debt a year ago of over $100,000, there was a deficiency at the end of this fiscal year of less than $8,000; and the best thing about this gratifying showing is that it means an increase of over $40,000 in general contributions, while legacies also were larger than in any single year in the society's long history, with one exception. It is to be regretted that in order to avoid a burdensome debt it was necessary to cut down by five per cent. all grants made for mission work since January 1, but we hope that the enthusiasm and confidence in the society's future which marked their recent anniversary will bear fruit in still more generous giving, even up to the $75,000 point which the directors hope to reach in the way of advance next year. The society, realizing the need of cultivating its home field, is increasing its secretarial force, and hereafter Rev. Wardlaw Thompson, D. D., who has borne the brunt of the official duties so long, will have the assistance of Rev. A. M. Gardner, who has already begun to go about among the churches. There seems also to be a commendable disposition on the part of various members of the official board to volunteer for the campaign of arousing the churches to their duties. Meanwhile the work abroad goes prosperously forward and fourteen new missionaries have been sent out during the past year, seven to Central Africa, two to the South Seas, four to India and one to China. The society has now 210 men and 65 women on the field.

Dr. Forsyth's Timely Words The more or less acute dissatisfaction with the waste and friction of our unrelated denominational activities, and the steps already taken to deal with the problem of fellowship and greater denominational unity in the city of Boston—as indicated by the suggested plan published by us last week—make any discussion of the fundamental problem involved, whether by English or American Congregationalists, of much interest. Principal P. T. Forsyth of Hackney College, England, in recent numbers of *The Examiner*, has been dealing with New Congregationalism and the New Testament Congregationalism in a characteristic way. He holds that Congregationalism unlike Romanism is not an end in itself. Nor is it like Presbyterianism or Methodism an organization with efficiency as its aim. Congregationalism's regulative principle he holds is the principle of freedom, and its aim "the kingdom's plasticity and freedom." Therefore the question of how much organization Congregationalism shall have "is not one which can be regulated by any fixed law or final scheme. Nor can it be determined by independence as an end in itself. Our sliding scale must always be applied by our prac-

tical instinct of faith. It is a question of the large tact which is the statesmanship of the kingdom, and the pliant wisdom of faith. We have to ask ourselves what the effect of any proposed course is likely to be upon that aspect of the kingdom committed to our care. Now that aspect, as I say, is its continued freedom and variety." He then goes on to prove that "Independence can mutilate freedom," and that it is doing it with both churches and clergymen in the English Congregationalism now. He argues for "more organization in the interests of freedom," and says that "the cohesion of the churches is a real part of the apostolic legacy, and their coöperation a real expression of their social nature." Principal Forsyth makes it clear in this and in other assertions that he is a high church Congregationalist. "Pliant wisdom" and "practical instinct" will lead both English and American Independents ere long to better ways of fellowshiping and doing the work of the kingdom.

President Roosevelt and the Postal Scandals

The faithless, who argued that President Roosevelt would put party discipline and reputation above national health and would suppress revelations respecting irregularities and crimes by postal officials, have been proved wrong again. His letter to Attorney-General Knox instructs the latter to put all the resources of his department in league with those of the district attorney of the District of Columbia. He orders that no guilty man be permitted to escape and that no clew or trail, no matter where it may lead, be left uninvestigated. Moreover, in order that the investigation may be prompt and thorough, he has appointed special commissioners to assist in the investigation and prosecution, one of them being the eminent Civil Service reformer and foe of venality, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, and the other Mr. Holmes Conrad, a Democrat, who held a responsible place in the Department of Justice under President Cleveland. The indictment of ex-Congressman Driggs of Brooklyn for complicity in the postal frauds is but the foreshadowing of what is yet to come. Legislators and party bosses have been guilty along with the administrative officials. Sentiment is growing against retention of Mr. Payne in the place of postmaster-general. His appointment was always more or less inexplicable to Mr. Roosevelt's admirers; his treatment of the charges of Mr. Tulloch—since sustained—was puerile; and his handling of the matter up to date has not been satisfactory to the public.

The Wilmington Horror

Negroes during the past week have been lynched in Alabama, Tennessee and Delaware. Thanks to the stern defiance of a sheriff in Peoria, Ill., that state has been saved from a second case of lynching of a Negro within a fortnight; but nothing has been done yet to punish the guilty in the recent Belleville lynching. The Wilmington lynching is one of the most horrible in the history of this country, both as to the crime committed by the Negro, the awful treatment of the ravisher by the infuriated mob and the race war which has followed it. The father of the ravished and murdered girl, a Methodist Episcopal clergyman, showed a Christlike spirit and begged the community to have justice done through the courts. The local judiciary, for reasons which seemed good to them, refused to hold a speedy trial, and proposed leaving trial and punishment until the fall. Local sentiment was led to dissent from this procrastinating policy, both by memories of past delays of the law and also by a somewhat inflammatory sermon by a Wilmington Presbyterian pastor, and as soon as a resolute leader appeared the white population set about battering down jail doors at Newcastle, taking the Negro out into an open field and burning him alive, women and children being among the spectators and strife arising as to possession of the grewsome relics after the tragedy was over. In the light of this and other happenings North and South it is not altogether surprising that leaders of the Negroes in Chicago and New York are suggesting that they arm and enter upon a race strife.

Who Is To Blame

It is easy to condemn the Wilmington mob, but the burden of blame rests back upon society itself, which refuses to deal sternly and swiftly with criminals such as the Negro in this case was. He was a criminal loose among men, likely to do just as he did. He had served his time for one assault, and he had been turned loose without let or hindrance. Then comes the ravishing and murder of a young girl, and the court proposes that the ravisher shall not be tried for several months. It is not surprising that the community then determined to take law into its own hands, regardless of what the moral effect of the act might be. Institutional justice having halted, men reverted to primitive individualism. Were men, proved criminal and perverted, permanently isolated and prevented from preying on society, or were judges and lawyers superior to technicalities more than they are, were litigation less expensive and punishment by courts swifter and more impartial, the people would not so often display a spirit akin to anarchy. Morrison I. Swift in a letter to the New York *Tribune*, writing as a philosophical anarchist, has pointed out acutely that such happenings as the recent Belleville and Wilmington lynchings put ammunition in the guns of practical anarchists. They argue that if the best citizens of Wilmington or Belleville, for conscience' sake, may brush aside courts and kill, so may the individual who deems kings and presidents but figureheads of systems of government which are pernicious and therefore worthy of death.

Peonage in the South Punished

Federal juries and a Federal judge, Judge Jones, have begun to find planters in Alabama guilty of enforced labor of Negroes or virtual slavery, and they have begun to order their confinement in prison. There are men guilty of the same crime in Georgia and elsewhere in the South, who have traded on the ignorance and servility of the Negro to their own enrichment. That the best sentiment of the South rejoices at the judicial crusade begun by Judge Jones we have no doubt. Southern military leaders and lawmakers cannot be suspected of any lack of sincerity when they participate in Northern patriotic festivals and express their delight that the Civil War put an end to the system of slavery. So spoke Confederate General Rosser in Boston last week before veterans of the Army of the Potomac. What the war settled forever Federal authority must contend for, but it should and does count on Southern condemnation of anything like an indirect setting up of system which the war destroyed.

The Jews' Petition to the Czar

A sudden shift of position in Washington has led the President and Secretary of State Hay to agree to permit our diplomatic agent in Russia to serve as an intermediary between Jews in this country and the czar, the former petitioning the latter that wrongs suffered by their coreligionists be redressed and greater economic and spiritual liberty be granted. The recent massacre at Kishineff, of course, is the actual if not nominal text of the prayer for relief. Opinions differ as to the sudden alteration of attitude by the Administration. Possibly it may be a bit of tactics connected with the working out of our policy in the far East, and a way of letting Russia know that we can be a party to criticism of her internal administration if she persists in attacking us commercially in Asia. Possibly it is due to pressure from Jewish voters in this country who have learned the lesson taught by the Irish-American.

European Events

King Peter of Servia had a hearty welcome to Belgrade from the populace, but diplomatic representatives of European nations were absent save those of Russia and Austria. For obvious and politic reasons the representatives of those countries were at hand, though the czar is pressing as strongly as any ruler for punishment of the assassins.

The new group of cardinals just named by the pope increases German and Austrian influence in the college. Archbishop Ireland did not secure the coveted honor. At the private consistory held by the pope and the cardinals he inveighed strongly against the work of "the malicious sects" against the papal power and Roman obedience in Europe. A more saccharine terminology is used by Roman Catholic prelates in this country in referring to Protestantism as it exists here.

Disarmament of the Finns has now been ordered, this being one of the last stages of the abasement of this fine little principality by the Russian bureaucracy.

Concessions made to the Irish Nationalist party in the House of Commons by Mr. Wyndham in charge of the Irish Land Bill have lessened the tension, and made the chances of acceptance of the measure by the Irish party likelier. There will be more fluidity as to terms of sale and purchase under the amended bill.

Asiatic Currents

The United States, Japan and England are still steadily pressing for the open door in Manchuria. Tension of feeling in Japan is said to be running high over Russian

aggression in Korea and Manchuria, and Marquis Ito is reported by the London *Times* correspondent as having joined at last with other leading personages in recommending a policy of bold assertion by Japan. This policy was recently heartily indorsed by a respectable group of the eminent teachers in the imperial university. China doubtless waits anxiously for pledges of practical aid if she is to refuse Russian demands. Anything less than this promised by Japan and Great Britain will not stiffen her to resist. All signs point to such grave serious internal weakness of Russia that it would seem more opportune now than ever before for resolute opposition to Russia, if that is ever to come.

Modern Bible Study

Ignorance of the Bible is charged against the multitude of young people who at this season are graduating from high schools and colleges; and by various tests the charge is in large measure proved. In many schools the Bible has been neglected. From many others it has been excluded. A large proportion of young men and women who claim to be educated know almost nothing of the Book of books to which our literature owes its noblest ideas.

The majority of these young people have left the Sunday school if ever they were in it. Some of them will gather at Northfield and Winona and Lookout Mountain and other resorts this summer to study the Bible. But they will be an insignificant number as compared with the great army that has just joined what are called the educated classes. What can be done to keep the ideas of the Bible dominant in the minds of thinking people?

The modern conception of Bible study identifies it too closely with the study of other books. Its claims are urged as literature which has been influential in producing our English classics. Students are invited to compare it with the literature of other religions. Their interest is sought by displaying before them new discoveries of the ages which preceded and the criticisms and social life connected with its production. All these researches are valuable. They have given, in certain directions, a great impulse to modern Bible study. But if they remain the supreme motives to that study the interest in it will be only temporary. It will stimulate criticism rather than the spirit of obedience. It will die with the generation in which this new knowledge has been made popular.

The chief purpose of study in our public schools is to give information and discipline the mind. This is distinctly not the primary object of Bible study, which is to develop the spiritual nature and make known the supreme authority over the affections and the will. The knowledge of the writers, of the language they used and the conditions in which they lived are important matters, but they are secondary. The truths of the Bible are acknowledged even by many who neglect it. Some of them are in the laws on our statute books. They are the most honored of the principles which govern our social relations, our family life, the conduct of the men and women most trusted. The most important study of the Bible is that which invests these truths with the authority of the personal God, our Father, regnant in the lives of his children.

These truths are not really known till the voice of divine authority is heard uttering them as it was heard at Sinai, on Ebal and Gerezim, in the words of him who spake as never man spake. The places of importance to teach them are at the mother's knee, around the family altar, in the home circle where the voice of God is heard. Here are the best schools of our land. If they are neglected, if the vision and voice of God cease there, no other education can compensate for their loss. The verses of Scripture repeated at the family table, the poems which used to be sung by Hebrew bards and prophets, the sayings of Jesus and the messages of the apostles, recited daily and especially on Sunday in the family, led by parents whose loving authority interprets the authority of the Heavenly Father to their children—this is the best education in our country. And the Sunday school which supplements such home training, and sends those of its children coming from non-Christian homes back to them with the knowledge and spirit which will reveal the Father to their families is the best Sunday school.

Much of the comparison between the public school and the Sunday school fails at this most vital point. It is not essential that parents or teachers should have mastered modern research in order to be true missionaries for Christ in the home and the Sunday school. Thousands have read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress who could not give the geographical position of the City of Destruction or the land of Beulah as related to Babylon or Boston, who could not describe the geology of the valley where Christian conquered Apollyon, or draw outlines of the architecture of the Chamber of Peace. But they know the path over which Christian traveled, the people he met, the places where he faced perils and found strength and guidance on his way. They have been helped by the book to find the road to the Celestial City, and many of them were made brave by it to enter the waters of the river of death.

The main value of the Bible is its revelation to us of the authority of its acknowledged truths, and its guidance to deeper experience. The authority is there. We have heard its voice. We are to teach our children to hear it. That is the best study of the Bible. If the voice of authority in it were to grow faint and disappear, the Bible would have only a historic interest for scholars. The historic method is only a method. May it never be exalted as the main object of Bible study.

The Yale Law School's student graduating with the best record was Chung Hui Wang, a graduate of Tientsin University, China. The best oration at the law school's Commencement winning the Townsend prize was given by George Williamson Crawford, a Negro, who prepared at Talladega College, one of the A. M. A. schools in the South, and whose record as a student, debater and orator has won him other honors during his university course. The valedictorian of the Everett, Mass., high school was a sixteen-year old Russian Jewess. Most of the prize winners at the College of City of New York, the University of New York and Columbia University were Jews.

Fourth of July

Orators who hold forth on Independence Day this year will be sobered somewhat, we venture to predict, by contemporaneous happenings. The vastness of our commerce, the plethora in our national treasury, the pervasive optimism of our people—a mood which every latest visitor from Europe notes—our increased prestige in diplomacy, our passion for education, the marked development of our æsthetic taste and increase of works of art by our own artists, the growing toleration of mind between sections and sects—these are items on which an orator may dwell with satisfaction.

But what of other social phenomena? Is confidence in manhood suffrage as strong as it formerly was? Do our legislatures—national, state and municipal—worthily represent us? Has not race antagonism developed to a degree never known before? Is respect for law as general or as potent, either among those who wish to further special property and corporation interests, or those who wish to monopolize wage-earning opportunities, or those who wish to avenge assault and the taking of human life? What do the revelations of corruption in the Federal postal service, and charges of similar evil in the Interior Department and the Emigration Bureau of the Treasury Department imply? Are conditions in a majority or a minority of our states, with respect to legislation, like or unlike those uncovered in Missouri? What does the riot in Richmond last week reveal as to union labor's disposition to compel municipalities to submit to its demands or see war waged in its streets? Was Wilmington's mode of dealing with a Negro fiend the coming way of dealing out justice in this country, or was Peoria's way the coming way?

These are questions which men are asking. Certain it is that more men of station and eminence deny the wisdom of manhood suffrage than formerly did. Certain it is that Massachusetts' legislature just adjourned has not commended itself to the people of the state as a very stable or thoughtful body of men, and its legislative committee appointed to investigate charges of venality avoided the issue and sought refuge in technicalities. Senator Parker's revelations in *Christendom* as to how Illinois' legislature does its work, shed light on legislative methods generally where party machinery is dominant. There never was an hour when the Negro was so despised or condemned in this country as now. That law has been bought and sold in our legislatures is apparent to him who runs; that class interests have forced legislation on the statute books who can dispute? that delay in the execution of law through the interminable delays has made the common people eager to execute justice themselves—is apparent.

Conceiving of political office as a reward for party loyalty, notwithstanding an admirable Civil Service law, our Federal service has had too many spoilsmen drawing salaries and in collusion with venders of supplies. Conceiving of places

of employment as personal property, the wage-earner now resorts to force to prevent men who will accept less wages or who will work fewer hours or who refuse to become unionists, from taking places that have been vacated during a strike; and citizens or militia venturing to interfere with this monopolistic attitude are made to suffer violence.

These are questions that are in the foreground of the picture of one who reads and thinks on national affairs today. The background of honesty, felicity, industry, contentment, idealism, which makes up the life of a majority of our people he is likely to overlook in concentrating attention on the foreground.

At bottom most of our citizens are honest—patriotic, self-sacrificing, and essentially democratic in belief and conduct. Disappointment because democracy and civic purity have not come automatically with republican forms of democratic government, with diffused intelligence, with increase of wealth may lead us to devise other forms for democracy to take, may compel us to create new safeguards for righteousness and purity, may teach us that information is not education and that religion and ethics have a larger place in our school life than we have provided for them, and that with the increase of wealth must come higher ethical standards applied to its accumulation and distribution. More democracy, not less, is the cure for the evils of democracy.

Christian Sacrifices

The idea of pleasing God by offering to him some valuable personal possession is fundamental in religion. Pagan sacrifices of old were often cruel and still are. Parents put their children to death by torture and rulers offered up the lives of their subjects to please their gods. The Hebrews in primitive times shared the same idea. Abraham was convinced that God would be gratified by his putting to death on an altar his only son. Jephthah offered up his daughter as a sacrifice to Jehovah. It was the duty of every Israelite to offer in sacrifice his first born son, a duty fulfilled by redeeming him through the substitution of a valuable animal. The climax of sacrifice was the offering up by God of his first born and only begotten Son on the cross. The idea that underlay the ancient sacrifice was that God was entitled to the best that men possessed, and that to give him the best willingly was to come into closest fellowship with him.

The Christian Church is the ideal Israel. The New Testament teaching exalts sacrifice no less than that of the Old Testament. The form has changed but the spirit remains the same. God is still approached through sacrifice. Disciples of Christ were told to offer their bodies to him, and that if these were clean through being washed with pure water and through a conscience undefiled they would be well pleasing to God. The utterance of praise and confession was a sacrifice. The service of leading others to obey and trust God was like a drink offering poured out. A gift to a needy minister was "an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God." The giving of money to the poor or to extend the gospel in any way, the effort to bring men to a knowledge of Christ, every service to God, whether of work or worship, was a sacrifice.

So it is that Christ has taken a universal and fundamental instinct of religion and purified it. The answer of the human soul to God in sacrifice is the satisfaction of a divinely implanted craving without which religion could make no appeal at all to man. It was impossible, however, wholly to purify this human thought of sacrifice until Christ had revealed the nobler social thought of God. Even today we are only beginning to understand that our sacrifice is never made to a separated and selfish God. It is possible to give ourselves without grudging and without reserve to him, because he has first given himself to us. He is no tyrant of some distant palace supported by the gifts of his reluctant subjects, but the active, present center of a great unfolding plan of good to which he has made the largest contribution, the work and triumph of which he delights to let us share.

God was in Christ—God is in us—doing a work for all men, our part in which depends upon our sacrifice. We lay down the private, self-centered life, that we may take on the social, God-centered life. Our God is Father of us all and the center of the social life and hope of all. It is no longer a sacrifice of death as the old world, and even the early church in its overestimate of martyrdom, imagined. It is a sacrifice of life which is no less real and often of an infinitely greater difficulty—a life in which henceforth every decision and every act is shaped by the thought of the loving will of God who placed and sustains us in the social order which he is bringing to perfection.

This idea is the life of the Christian Church. Every true member of it is a priest. Its whole office is sacerdotal. The whole-hearted consecration of one's self to God is the sacrifice which continually pleases him. Praise to him, confession of faith in him, gifts to honor him, service, even so small as the giving of a cup of cold water in the name of Christ—whatever use of our powers of body or mind is made an offering to God of the best we have is a holy sacrifice. The temple is the whole world in which we live, we are ourselves priests set apart, the holy time to offer sacrifice is the whole round year. This is the Christian religion. Thus we "as living stones, are built up a spiritual house, to be a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ."

Doing Business on Christian Principles

It is possible, of course, to do business on Christian principles. But would it pay? Rather, we would like to ask, if we could hear from our Christian merchants, does it in their own experience pay? For if men who call themselves Christians in their homes and in the church are unchristian in the hours of business, there is little hope of progress for the church. We are utterly skeptical of the Christianity which such men accept. They may in some sense hold Christianity; but what is wanted is a Christianity which holds and directs and possesses them. For a true disciple of Jesus Christ cannot be built like a modern ocean-going steamer in watertight and non-communicating compartments, one for the business and the other for the religion of the owner, one to be inhabited on ordinary days, another on Sunday, one for the financial relations of life, the other for a retreat in the wreck of earthly hopes.

The hindrances to the Christian conduct of business are admittedly great. Competition is keen and often unscrupulous. Stories of sharp practice are common and almost every one has frequent experience of the so-called tricks of the trade by which men seek to increase their profit—or often to save themselves from loss. In some trades it must be acknowledged, we fear, that to be honest is to be singular. Great businesses are built up by methods which violate the laws both of God and man, and Christians are often partners in them. The consciences of men are blunted, the problems to be solved grow steadily more complex. The worship of success misleads the mind both directly and through the needs and claims of those who are dependent on us. It is no easy task to serve Christ and pile up a fortune.

Yet by the acknowledgment of the commercial world personal honesty is the best kind of capital. There are countries in the world whose reputation for honesty secures them trade, and others from whom men only buy with caution and in case of need. No man willingly goes back to a shop where he has once been cheated. The unvarying quality of goods in the long run is the best advertisement. Even the great monopolies are eager to assert that in ruining competitors they have in view uniformity and a high quality of product. The rewards of efficient honesty, if it can secure a hearing, are both great and permanent.

Here is one of the great trials and temptations of the soul. The rewards now are for him who succeeds, honestly if possible, but for him who succeeds. Yet the real and permanent reward is not in what we win, but in what we do and become. The business of our lives is formative. It creates, or it destroys, our capacity to enjoy the higher life which is like Christ and which some day is to become the prevailing and the honored life. Can the Christian afford to crave or to secure any other form of success than this?

In Brief

This week's paper blends judiciously the serious and lighter elements. Of special value to the thousands who will attend the approaching meeting of the National Education Association are the character sketches of President Eliot and of the three Chicago women who have attained such high rank as educators. The present Sargent exhibition in Boston makes Miss Hurll's discerning comments especially timely, while the approach of the vacation season is recognized in our leading illustrated article by Dr. Patton of St. Louis. The leading member of the American Board Deputation to Africa, Dr. Strong, furnishes the first of a series of articles which we expect from him. No story-teller succeeds better in permeating her tales more successfully with the New England flavor than Miss Alice Brown, and readers of The Stolen Coat-

in this number will pronounce it one of the best pieces of fiction that has ever fallen from her prolific pen. Other suggestive articles are the one on Breaker Boys in the Pennsylvania Mines and that on The Outlook for Religion in the Far West.

President Roosevelt has removed a Supreme Court justice in Arizona on charges of immorality. The ermine should be kept unspotted.

Despite the opposition of the State Anti-Saloon League and ministerial associations, county officials have given authority for setting up a great gambling and sporting resort twelve miles from Los Angeles, Cal., on "Lucky" Baldwin's ranch. The forces of law and order have retained counsel, and a bitter fight is on.

Oberlin sent forth last week Carroll Napier Langston, a Negro from St. Louis, whose father and grandfather also graduated from that institution. No other institution has such a record, and naturally. Southern colleges do not welcome Negroes, and Oberlin opened her doors to them earlier than other Northern institutions.

Hon. Asa French, who with Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar served as counsel for the complainants in the suit brought against the trustees of Andover Seminary in 1886, died last week. He was a brother-in-law of the late Dr. Dexter, the former editor of *The Congregationalist*, and a man of high professional attainments and of strong and blameless character.

Unitarians have just had an inspiration from adequate reappraisement of Emerson. So too Wesleyans the world over have profited by study of the life and influence of Wesley. Let us prepare for a like benefit by worthily celebrating the bi centenary of Jonathan Edwards next October. Our theological seminaries, colleges, schools and churches should make ready in advance.

The new president of the World's W. C. T. U., the Countess of Carlisle, is, according to current reports, in many respects a contrast to her predecessor, Lady Henry Somerset. She is so democratic that she would abolish all titles of nobility, and so thoroughly devoted to the advancement of her sex that she has only women servants in her houses and on her estates. Tall women are her footmen, a stout woman is her butler, and women have charge of her stable.

Current eulogy of John Wesley is in the main extremely laudatory, as it has a right to be, but there is also the note of discrimination in some of the addresses, notably that of Professor Winchester at Wesleyan this week. He recalls the fact that the great leader once wrote that the duties of a wife "are all comprised in two: first, that she should recognize herself as the inferior of her husband; second, that she should behave herself as such." Wesley knows better now.

The proposition to have a city park surrounding Plymouth Church, as a memorial of Henry Ward Beecher, was finally rejected by the authorities last week, the matter coming up at a meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Mayor Low said that while he yielded to no one in admiration for Mr. Beecher, he could not bring himself to vote away public money for surrounding a church with a park. The borough presidents of Brooklyn and Queens voted for the plan. Perhaps private generosity will now rise to the emergency.

Rev. R. J. Campbell of London in his addresses in this country has been telling of the renaissance of spirituality which the English Free Churchmen have begun to feel and see; of how they are emerging from the period of criticism and agnosticism into the day of faith and action. It is significant that 300 English Congregational preachers were recently the guests of Dr. R. F. Horton's church at Hampstead, at what was in truth a "retreat" for practicing the presence of God. No speakers were advertised, no program was announced. Men came together to pray, to search their hearts, to confess personal and professional short comings, to be set on fire by the exhortations of the godly. Symptomatic of the new day is the *Examiner's* current series on Writings of the Mystics.

And now it is proposed that Harvard's sons who fought on the Southern side in the Civil War shall have their names placed on the walls of Memorial Hall alongside of those who fought for the North. The proposition comes from Professor Shaler, a native of Kentucky. Major General Rosser, an eminent Confederate cavalry leader, rode in the procession and participated in the tribute to Gen. Joseph Hooker paid by New Englanders in Boston last week at the unveiling of the Hooker statue. In an address to the G. A. R. veterans he said: "The man who will say that he wishes the South had won is either a fool or a hypocrite. I thank God the South did not win. And when you talk about your great generals—God Almighty was the general that brought this about, and there was no man who commanded the troops who was as great as the troops themselves."

Rev. R. J. Campbell in Boston

Rev. R. J. Campbell of London was first heard in Boston at a Christian Endeavor rally in Park Street Church. The interest in the occasion may be measured by the fact that an overflow meeting for five hundred persons who were unable to enter the church was necessary. Prior to the meeting there was a reception at the Y. P. S. C. E. rooms where many of the city's clergymen met the distinguished visitor. Mr. Campbell at this meeting revealed himself as a ready responder to the customary felicities of a speech of introduction by Rev. Dr. A. H. Plumb, and as an excellent story-teller. He described the degree of essential Christian unity which had been gained already in England by the Free Church Council movement, and rejoiced in the return to a spiritual note in the preaching and teaching of English clergymen who have emerged, as we have not as yet, from the era of criticism and analysis into an era of constructive thought and of re emphasis of the need of the spiritual life, and of communion of the individual with God. Mr. Campbell in this talk was seen to be a man devoid of art or pretense, downright in conviction, if persuasive in mode of approach, simple in language, slight in figure, *spirituelle* in face, and a lover of his kind. One had intimations of what he might do with a congregation on a Lord's Day—but only intimations.

* * *

Revelation followed intimation, at the service at the Harvard Church, Brookline, Sunday morning, when a congregation drawn from Greater Boston and surpassing the seating capacity of the large church, had proof of his power as a preacher on a spiritual theme. His prayer, preceding the sermon, was both a revelation and a preparation—a revelation of what might be expected in the sermon, and a preparation for it. He talked *with* God, not to him. It was the language of a child who knew his Father.

* * *

The sermon was based on John 15: 4, and dwelt on the need of communion with God, lack of which is the obvious glaring fault of Christianity today. Too many know God only at second hand. Prayer seems futile. Vision is wanting. Materialism is clamant, and too often is accepted, not spurned. The sermon was an exhortation to renewal of personal relations with a personal God revealed in a living Christ, to restoration of meditation and prayer as modes of spiritual regimen. The preacher preached persuasively and movingly by his words, but most by his personality—an incarnation of his message. Certitude, assurance, peace—born of vision and communion, and an ascetic and *spirituelle* mien, yearning and winsomeness difficult to resist combined with notes of candor and contrition—these still have their way with men and enthrall them. The illustrations were from domestic life, homely and pertinent, such as all men could understand. The authorities quoted were not philosophers or scholars but Roman Catholic and Quaker saints—like Fenélon and Whittier, or modern seers like F. W. H. Myer. It was great preaching of the *ad hominem*, pietistic, and spiritual type, bringing with searching and compelling power to his hearers' hearts a message not often heard on this side of the water from men of like attainment as a disciplined student of philosophy and theology. Doubtless its very simplicity and spirituality made the discourse seem ordinary to the all too many among us who bow down to gods of rhetoric and vociferousness and cleverness. It was great because the messenger put the message above himself, and so behaved and so spoke that the effect agreed with the intention. Tremont Temple was overflowing Sunday evening with a congregation including many clergymen, who heard a discourse on Forgiveness of Sins, a sermon defective homiletically considered but powerful in its grip, toward the last, on the consciences of those present.

* * *

Campbell, the fighting Nonconformist and gallant Free Church leader, was clearly revealed at the meeting held in Park Street Church Monday morning, under the auspices of the Ministers' Union. Poise and passion, entire self-mastery, a disciplined mind, a fair spirit were shown us. The spiritual bond drawing Free Churchmen together was shown to be more of a unifying factor than any mere hostility to Anglicanism or the Establishment as such. Technical details of the complicated English school system, past and to come, were lucidly stated so that all of us understood better why the Nonconformists are opposed to the Education Act and why the Passive Resistance movement has come; and the speaker was left in no doubt as to the sympathy of his hearers with the fight against priestcraft, Anglican and Roman, in which Free Churchmen are engaged.

* * *

Lastly, reasons were given for thinking that philosophical materialism is as defunct in England as the Southern Confederacy's currency is here; for believing that the younger clergy of the Free Churches, with all their liberal theology, have recovered the Evangel note; and for hoping that even within the Establishment there is a growing party favorable to recognition of Nonconformist orders and co-operation with Free Churchmen in Christian work. The exclusion of Unitarians from the Free Church Council was explained not as due to any disposition to sit in judgment upon them or to deny their claims, but solely to avoid those unpleasantnesses which they would be the first to feel were they to attempt to work with Evangelicals in the spiritual activities of the council. As for Universalists, he said they were found in all the Evangelical bodies in England.

* * *

While in Boston Mr. Campbell visited Concord and Plymouth and the watch factory at Waltham. Pres. Francis E. Clark of Auburndale, Dr. A. S. Twombly of Newton and Col. C. A. Hopkins of Brookline had the pleasure of entertaining him in their homes. He was the guest at a luncheon given by Professor Wright of Harvard University, where he met Prof. William James, whose writings have always been full of suggestion for him.

PERIPATETIC.

Charles W. Eliot, LL. D.

President of Harvard University, President of National Education Association

By Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D.

Few things are more profitable or agreeable to intelligent readers than just and sympathetic characterizations of eminent men among the living who are at the same time friends and servants of the people. A more disinterested friend and servant than President Eliot the American public has never known. He is a militant spirit and something more. The central quality of his being is a constant, courageous, dominating disinterestedness. He contends earnestly for the faith that is in him, but the contention is always pure and high. He lives where the winds carry no dust, where the storms refresh and strengthen, where shining ideals break in upon the tumult of existence with their guidance and their peace. Like every man who appears in behalf of a permanent human interest with a new program, President Eliot encountered opposition. This opposition was wide-spread, determined, persistent, conscientious. Long ago he prevailed over all radical opposition by his personal strength, and by the justice and the humanity of his cause. He is now in the seventieth year of his age, and in the thirty-fifth of his service as president of Harvard University. This extraordinary term of service has been marked by the steadily increasing confidence of the public in this great educational leader, by the growing sense of his far-sightedness, by the surmise, often dim indeed, and somewhat fitful, that his radicalism means an amazingly sound and vital conception of certain abiding interests, and a more intelligent and availing devotion to them. For more than thirty years he has been a great force in the world of education. He is today the most enlightened and authoritative mind in his vocation.

Naturally the serious among our people desire to know more about this remarkable man. How shall they learn to think of him while he is yet with them? What is his relation to those things which for them are the highest? What is his attitude toward another, and that the most fundamental of the permanent interests of man? What is President Eliot's bearing toward religion? For there is in our people a sovereign instinct that holds back the full mead of homage until assurance is given that the great man is essentially sound and inspiring in his attitude toward the Infinite.

It is sometimes said that a man's religion is his private affair, that the public has no concern with it, that it is an impertinence to deal with it as a public interest, an outrage upon the sanctity of individual possession. If this means that a man should have absolute freedom in the choice of his religion, utter exemption from state interference in holding it, entire immunity from persecution on account of it, reserve and even privacy as to the special forms of it, it is undoubtedly true. In this sense the phrase would seem to have been coined. In the service of the Highest there should be perfect freedom. But if the phrase means that the public has no concern with the spiritual life of its leaders, it is the consecration of an ignoble fallacy. Then it is an expression used by men who have no religion and acceptable only to those who have no interest in religion.

That the springs of action in a life of heroic size should be of no public concern, that the deepest sources of a great character should excite no legitimate interest, that the permanent inspirations in a strenuous and beneficent career should

President Eliot in the '70's

awaken no noble curiosity, that the availing consolations in the existence of a deep-hearted and typical man should arouse no sympathy is about as large and as vulgar an absurdity as one could well put into words. To the public every man belongs in the whole meaning and spirit of his being. And in his religion more than in anything else the great man is of public interest. Therefore, when like President Eliot, a man is significant enough, it seems to be entirely fitting, with due reserve, to honor the desire of the people concerning him.

We look for the revelation of a man's religion in his belief about the universe, in his vocation, in his attitude toward the Christian Church, in his temper and bearing among associates, and, so far as he may choose to disclose it, in the higher moods of his spirit.

It will not be, perhaps, a serious injustice to President Eliot if we assume that his description of the religious belief of his brilliant and lamented son is at the same time essentially a description of his own. "His creed," writes the father of the son, "was short and simple. He believed that a loving God rules the universe, that the path to loving and serving him lies through loving and serving men, and that the way to worship him is to reverence the earthly beauty, truth and goodness which he has brought forth." Here we look for nothing more than fundamental simplicity and sincerity. One man cannot do everything. The vocation of President Eliot is that of an educator. In the science of belief, in the philosophy of religion he is a layman traveling swiftly through an unfamiliar country using a remarkable camera, some of whose pictures turn out works of art, and some of them blanks. He has lived in a period when for exact thinkers definite belief about the character of the universe has been perhaps more difficult of attainment than in any similar period in human history. It is enough to note that President Eliot rests in the fundamental belief of the Christian world.

If religion is real it must disclose its force in one's vocation. In no man is this more conspicuously true than in President Eliot. He found Harvard College little more than a high school, hardly other than the academic organ of a sect, with indeed a mighty spontaneous relation to the nation in the Civil War, but with no conception of the final meaning of its existence in the life of the people, and with no consciousness of itself as the instrument, for American society of the sovereign wisdom, sentiment, character, ideals and hopes of mankind. The transformation of Harvard College under President Eliot along these lines, must appear to all lovers of truth who are at the same time lovers of man, as a religious achievement of the first magnitude. The beginning of religion is truly set forth in these words: "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

The university is the organ of the world's best intelligence and character; it is the organ of humanity in its highest achievement and hope. It must not be dominated, embarrassed, or belittled by any sect. It must be free as the sightless couriers of the air, free as the servant of truth in the reverent sense of the Infinite. And the whole reference of its existence must be the well-being of society, the elevation of the nation, the progress of mankind. No other expression of the religion of President Eliot is more impressive than this, none is greater, or more vitally adjusted to the permanent needs of the American people.

A man's sense of the worth of the Christian Church is best inferred from his behavior toward it. There are many who praise the church who have forgotten how it looks except on the outside. They were carried into it for baptism by

their parents, and their children expect to carry them into it again on the way to the grave. The testimony of enemies is often valuable; the witness of ignorance is never anything other than worthless. President Eliot claims that he attends the services of the church more than any other person of his acquaintance. His custom is to attend church once every day on five days of the week during the academic year, and twice on each of the remaining two days. His belief in the indispensableness of the church to society is a just inference from his practice. His view of the hopes and fears of organized Christianity has the general soundness that belongs to his entire outlook upon the world of men. His sympathy with New England Congregationalism is sincere and ardent, and some of his recent plans looking toward the reconciliation of our divided order may be expected to bear good fruit. He is equally ready to recognize the good work of the Catholic Church, the Protestant Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Methodist and the Baptist. These ecclesiastical bodies do not always mean a great deal to this frank critic of institutions; but in their general service to the American people they have his honor.

In his relations with his associates President Eliot is necessarily a controlling influence. He comes forward always with his own scheme; he holds to it with urbane but firm determination; and he is not invariably quick in his appreciation of the force of valid objections. It may be said of him that he lives by the sword, if we add that the sword by which he lives is the sword of the Spirit. In this sense he is a man of war, and has shed much blood. And yet unlike the person to whom these words were first applied—a particularly odious character to President Eliot—this high souled warrior for the faith that is in him has been permitted to build a temple of peace. To work with him is a delight; to meet him in debate is a discipline in honor. His disinterestedness in plan and in execution, his scrupulous fairness in disagreement, his friendly temper, his utter freedom from resentment against those who delay, or defeat his cherished ideas, his martial spirit, his high manner softened by the touch of genuine humanity, command the universal admiration of his associates in the faculties, and in the governing boards of the university.

In times of critical moment President Eliot has chosen to disclose the deeper feelings of his spirit. Perhaps the most significant of these utterances was his address at the dedication of the Phillips Brooks House. His remarks upon prayer, on that occasion, went to the heart of the subject. They were spoken in characterization of Phillips Brooks; they were equally a disclosure of the highest mood of the speaker, and in depth, in truth, and in moving power, as far as the writer's knowledge extends they have never been surpassed. It is significant to observe that President Eliot, the educator, and Professor James, the psychologist, both find in prayer the creative soul of all true religion. Dialogue with God, mute and articulate, communion with the infinite Father, rational and ineffable; herein lies the last consecration of human existence, the path to the beatific vision. And here this characterization must end. The ancient people of God saw the high priest go into the holy of holies, but they were not permitted to follow him thither. Let us leave this great servant of our people in the presence of the Unseen, there as in the outer court, disinterested, upright, ardent, statuesque, his face turned toward the eternal mystery in the light of chastened, availing and enduring hope.

The First of the Summer Schools

The Summer School at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, June 22–26, had for lecturers Prof. H. A. Aikins of Western Reserve, Prof. E. D. Starbuck of Leland Stanford, and Pres. H. C. King of Oberlin, and for listeners a few Reserve students, a little group of women teachers, another of women of leisure, a crank or two, and scattering clergymen of several denominations. One of the latter came half way across the state to find himself the sole Congregationalist present and to wonder why. If President King could get away from Oberlin in Commencement week of the year when her largest class was graduated, could not ministers find time to attend? The total attendance at any one session did not go beyond thirty and at first was only half that. Probably the time was unfortunate, perhaps ministers of the region do not believe the new psychology and philosophy have any special message for them. But we who were present listened with daily increasing delight to men of breadth of view and poise of personality and relished day by day the gracious humor of Aikins, the boy-like tang of Starbuck's voice and the cheerful seriousness of King.

Professor Aikin's fundamental positions seemed to be that rationality is not fundamental in man but that man is chiefly a creature of instinct and habit, that indirect values of education have been over-estimated and that education should be more direct, that the deepest thing in man's nature as adjusted to his environment is the tendency to act and that his activity should be idealized and directed to one great end without himself.

Professor Starbuck believes that each stage of life has a meaning for the whole. He defines religion as a progressive and adaptive force which is our expression of the larger world of life of which we are a part, and makes the end of life not happiness but adjustment and that the clergyman's business is to help on but not force or tamper with the birth struggles of the new life.

President King based all his arguments and appeals on the unity of the organism, as did the others, and asked only for religion that it be given the same chance and consideration that other phases of life are given. He was less afraid of mental bias from Christian ideas and Scriptural phrases and more explicit in his emphasis on the central place of personality. He argues from our desire to see the inner nature of every organism up to that of the universe and from the fact that we are acquainted with the inner life of ourselves alone, that we ourselves are the key and that since the highest thing we know is personal, the only other thing we can say of God than that he is personal is that he is supra personal.

E. O. M.

For Endeavorers

PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, July 12–18. What the Holy Spirit Can Do for Me. John 16: 5–15.

In these hurrying, strenuous days we do not often sit down quietly and reflect upon what God can do for us. The emphasis is all upon what we can do for God and particularly for our fellowmen. But we might prove more efficient if we were more receptive. Many of the men who have served their generation most fruitfully have first undergone a period of personal discipline at the hands of God. Made aware of their own limitations they sought and received a measure of divine life sufficient to equip them for their mighty tasks. Witness Moses, Isaiah, John the Baptist and even Jesus himself. At the present moment thousands of graduates are looking forward eagerly to activity and service. Their work in the world will be larger in volume and finer in quality if as they cross the threshold they simply and naturally dedicate their lives to God.

I am aware of the difficulties which invest our subject, how remote it seems from current thinking. And yet is it hard to believe that there is a side of the manifold life of God in the universe with which we need to become increasingly familiar? Under this historic term, the Holy Spirit, the Christian Church for many centuries has embodied its thought of the outgoing life of God continually touching and transforming the lives of men, operating upon society, changing old customs, purifying moral ideals and constantly co-operating with human energy for the building up of the kingdom of God. It would be a poor, meager world indeed if there were not in it this subtle, potent force which by the constancy of its work compensates in part for the slow and intermittent character of human endeavors.

If we follow Christ's leading we come quickest to the heart of the matter. He is telling us here that this spirit will guide us into truth. Are we puzzled and mystified about Christian things? Then let us read the best books and consult human teachers, but by all means let us do what Jesus is so anxious to have us do, namely, seek and respond to the guidance of his spirit. It is not a question of mathematical certainty as in the field of scientific investigation. It depends in great measure upon that inward assurance which comes to men of humble, teachable spirit, who themselves try to follow in the way of Christ.

The other great service of the Holy Spirit is the making real to us of Jesus Christ. Is he whom so many Christians worship, a mere historical figure to you, or worse than that, does he dwell in the region of myth and legend? Are you in doubt as to what to think of him and how to relate yourself to him? Then try this simple method of seeking light from the spirit of God and following it and little by little the figure that once was so distant, so shadowy, will walk by your side in the morning, at mid-day and at eventide.

When scientific men want to test the presence of some subtle force they proceed on the supposition that there is such a force and get their batteries and other instruments ready to put it to good use. The air may be surcharged with electricity but it cannot push a pound of matter up the hill until it is properly harnessed. Proceed as if there were a Holy Spirit in the universe. Open all the chambers of your being to its incoming, relate it to the field of your daily labor, and each new sunset will find you more thoroughly convinced as to its reality and its power.

The Stolen Coat—A Story of Two Pairs of Lovers

By Alice Brown

It was the beginning of the year: Not as the year begins by month and day, but according to the spring calendar of mounting sap and atoms hurrying. All the earlier buds had opened, though the branches still framed great sky spaces soon to be filled by pushing leaves, and there the sun pierced hotly, waking germinant things below. The country road washed by an early shower, made a line of loveliness along its curving length. Elm trees arched it, birches and alders fringed it, with scattered coverts of evergreen; and everywhere were ferns unrolling.

Deane Frazer and Annabel May were driving along in a smart buggy behind the colt, and a very pretty quarrel was going on. Deane had an old-fashioned face. The mouth was sensitive, with two serious lines on either side, and his gray eyes were shy yet determined. When he was deeply moved, a twitching in his cheek betrayed him; and now the telltale spot was throbbing like a pulse. Annabel knew that, though she was too perverse to look. She was red as a rose, her eyes darting fire and the tear-wet lashes clinging. At the moment she felt so far removed from her lover that she could only gaze forward into the distance and shoot forth words like random shafts.

"It's selfish!" said she, "selfish!"

"I don't say it ain't," responded Deane, in a voice which seemed to repeat that strange flicker in his cheek. "But there's some places where a man is bound to be selfish. He's got a right to be."

"When?"

"If a man is goin' to marry a girl, he's got more or less right to say whether she's to go kitin' 'round with other folks."

"I went to ride with Henry Staples. Henry's my second cousin, and he's got lung complaint."

"I don't care 'f he has. Folks noticed your goin'. Aunt Betsy spoke of it to mother."

"O, did she? So I'm talked over, down to your house?" Deane gave the colt a cut, and then held him in for an exciting mile.

"No, you ain't either," he said, when the horse had been gentled into a trot. "'Twas Aunt Betsy. She came to spend the day."

"I s'pose your mother joined in!"

"No, she didn't! I did."

"O, you joined in?"

"I told Aunt Betsy to mind her own business." He spoke with the lack-luster tone of one who has made a stand for nothing; yet, if he could have known it, the words were chosen well. A little smile touched the corners of Annabel's mouth. She was nearer him again. But Deane, unconscious of milder weather, spoke desperately, his mind still in one dangerous groove.

"I don't care whether it's Henry Staples or whether it ain't, you're too much took up with other folks for a girl that's goin' to be married in a month."

The ring of his voice goaded her into an answer responsive in key, though it was alien to her will.

"I don't know as I am goin' to be married next month. I don't know as I'm goin' to be married at all."

The words terrified her as soon as they were spoken, and they terrified him. He said nothing, and his hands neither relaxed nor tightened upon the reins. He knew the mouth of a horse and respected it. But his face was rigidly set, and though he looked forward into the distance like a man driving keenly, a film had fallen between him and the world. He saw the same picture, the trees and the road, but like himself they were changed. Then he turned the corner by the barberry bush, and drew up at the path leading to Aunt Sylvia's door.

Hers was a great yellow house, elm-shaded and brushed by lilacs, and the broad green in front swept lavishly down to the road. There was no fence, and yet the grass, in early and late estate, always looked untouched, as if even the neighborly cows, going to and from their milking, respected it. The colt stood still, after an impatient fling of the head, and Deane jumped out and held up his arms to Annabel. She touched his shoulder lightly, and made her clever little leap to the ground. Her hands were suddenly cold and still she could not look at him. Then he began to speak, and she turned quite eagerly, though all her interest seemed to be centered in her foot tracing out a careful figure on the grass.

But after an attempt at words and a futile clearing of his throat, Deane said only,

"You be ready after supper?"

"Along about five," answered Annabel, almost inaudibly. "You needn't come unless you want to. I just as soon walk."

He stepped into the buggy and went whirling away without telling her whether she was to walk or not. But Aunt Sylvia was at the door, and Annabel walked heavily up the path, her bright day blackened by the morning's chance.

Sylvia Brewster was a slender creature who had kept something girlish in her air and carriage, though now she was sixty years and over. She had an evanescent look of belonging to no definite time, either of middle life or age; it seemed as if some gentle wind had blown her hither and might take her away again. A delicate bloom lay fitfully on her cheeks, and her blonde hair had been transmuted into a gray only a shade less beautiful. The desire of this world still lighted her blue eyes, though at the same time a veiling patience lay subtly over her. She looked like one who, for some mysterious reason, had been able to carry on the things of youth into the portals of old age. Something childlike was in her voice also, as she called:

"Annabel, you come right in here! I thought you never'd get along."

Annabel hastened her steps up the green slope, sweeping aside her own tempestuous mood lest it touch the other woman's pleasure.

"You let me get hold o' you," said Aunt Sylvia, stretching up her arms for an ineffectual embrace. "My! how big you be! Now you come right in here an' lay aside your hat."

They went hand in hand into the somnolent sitting-room where the morning stillness seemed like afternoon. The tall clock ticked in the measure that leads the mind on from time into eternity. The ancient mirror between the windows reflected peace, and the chintz-covered furniture pictured an unambitious and silent spring. Aunt Sylvia bore away Annabel's hat to the bedroom and then returned and beguilingly touched the arm of the old-fashioned rocker.

"There!" said she, "you set right down here an' be company. Seems to me Deane was pretty offish. Why didn't he stop an' 'change a word?"

Annabel leaned back in the chair and tried to rid her forehead of its worried frown.

"He had to be back," she answered absently.

Aunt Sylvia was too occupied with the day's promise to feel very keen over a question denied. She sat down at the other window and smiled contentedly across the little table.

"Mercy!" said she, "I don't know where to begin. I wanted to talk suthin' over. That's why I sent for you to spend the day. Maybe it's the last day you'll pass with me before you're married."

Annabel felt some odd change creeping over her face, as if, against her will, it curdled into the lines of grief. Her mouth hurt her, and she put up a hand to hide it. She wondered whether Deane was driving fast, and whether that nerve was twitching in his cheek.

But Aunt Sylvia failed to notice. She had assumed that this day was hers, and an unwonted vigor moved her. She trembled a little, and an eager light shone in her eyes.

"I don't know as there's any call to wait," said she, in a voice as seeking as a child's. "I want to talk over suthin'. I want to do it now."

Annabel roused herself, suddenly alive to an emotion as craving, in some strange fashion, as her own.

"What is it, Aunt Sylvy?" she asked, gently. "What's the matter?"

Now, gazing at her with renewed attention, she was aware that the woman looked different, like a portrait intensified beyond the real. But Aunt Sylvia, though she had challenged attention, seemed in a way, quite unaware of her. She folded her small hands on her knee and spoke rapidly.

"There's suthin' I want to say. I ain't ever said it before. You mustn't tell. Long's you live you mustn't tell. I thought maybe I'd say it now, so you wouldn't have it on your mind so much after you was married. Should you just as soon come up attic?"

She rose in haste, and Annabel followed wonderingly. Aunt Sylvia preceded her up the kitchen stairs and over the second flight. Both windows were open there, and the cool spring breeze drew through, with a waft of buds. The floor was on a

level with the tree tops, maples and a larch. Everywhere within was the smell of cleanliness mingled with the pungency of mint hanging from the rafters.

"You come here!" said Aunt Sylvia. She led the way to the east window and drew forth the little chair which had stood there, Annabel remembered, as long as she could remember anything.

"I'll take this. Mercy! you couldn't squeeze into it. I'm no bigger'n a pint o' cider, an' never was. You perch yourself on that red chist. You're young an' you're goin' to be married. 'Taint any matter if you do suffer a few hardships more or less."

Her voice shook, as if with coming laughter; but Annabel, looking at her, saw how grave she was and eager, even with a piteous urgency. Aunt Sylvia laid her hand upon a hair trunk which had stood far under the rafters and was now, as Annabel noted, pulled out of place. She kept her hand upon it while she talked.

"Annabel," said she, "I've made my will. Everything's goin' to you."

"O!" cried the girl, in an outburst of denial, "don't you say such things!"

"Law!" said Aunt Sylvia, with a bright look made out of the bravado of youth and the equable wisdom of age, "that's neither here nor there. I may live to be a hundred. Old Aunt Sylvy did. But I guess I shan't! I guess I shan't! I hope to mercy I don't keep alive to be made a show of an' have the county paper take it up. But that's neither here nor there. It's all comin' to you, what there is of it."

"Don't," said Annabel again; but Aunt Sylvia hardly noticed. She seemed suddenly remote, and went on speaking in a curious way, as if she were reading from a book something that was of infinite importance to them both.

"I don't know," said she, "as ever you thought maybe I expected to be married myself once?"

Annabel looked at her in frank surprise. Aunt Sylvia had been one of the accepted facts of life, like her own father and mother, the minister and old doctor, benevolent beings who guided her own more radiant world and helped it slip securely on its way. They were a part of life; yet were they indeed of like passions with her own?

"Maybe you never heard of Gilman Thorn?" Aunt Sylvia's voice dropped eloquently upon the name.

"His grave is 'side of our lot!" cried Annabel, with eager interest, "under that tangle where it's so pretty in the fall. Up by the wall where the sumachs grow! Father's always cut the grass when he cut ours. He and Gilman Thorn were mates."

"Yes, he's always cut the grass. There ain't any Thorns alive to do it now. I've been glad he had a mind to see to it. Every time 'twas cut I went up by night an' trimmed it 'round the stone with my shears. When I'm gone an' your father's gone, it won't be cut no more."

She said it unregretfully, but Annabel forestalled her with a passionate haste.

"Aunt Sylvy, it shall be! I'll see to it if I'm alive. Deane'll be glad to do it."

There she stopped with a terrified heartbeat, for it came upon her that she could not answer for him any more. He might not even come for her tonight.

"No, dear, no!" said Aunt Sylvia. "Don't you fret about such things as that. Better let it all die out with your father 'n' me. It's a real pretty place to lay up there where the blackberry vines'll cover it, on'y let 'em alone, an' the sumachs siftin' down in the fall. There's a time for everything to end, an' that'll end when we two go. But there's suthin' I do want to ask of you, dear, an' it's a mite different."

She still kept her hand upon the trunk, and swayed back and forth impelling the motion by her hold. Annabel watched her with an absorbed attention. She seemed to be looking at a stranger dowered with Aunt Sylvia's form and motions, and the wonder of it held her like a spell. The older woman went on talking, half to herself it might have been, and yet as if it were all very commonplace to both of them.

"There never was a time when Gilman Thorn an' I didn't set by one another; but it was the queerest thing in the livin' world nobody seemed to get hold of it. The reason was, he was all eat up by his folks. There was a good many of 'em, an' they kinder sucked the lifeblood out of him."

She was recalling what had once breathed before her; but it had faded now into a thing of outline and coloring only, the map of life. It had passed into those accounts from which there is no present appeal.

"He was all eat up by his folks," she went on. "So he didn't do any o' the things most men do when they're goin' with a girl. He couldn't take me to ride, for his sister or somebody or nuther'd be sure to want the horse. He never give me anything; for if he got a little laid by one o' the Thorns 'd cast a shoe or suthin' an' he'd have to tinker 'em up. An' I used to be mad." She might have been referring to some half-forgotten creature whose emotions excited in her a little wonder. The mountains had long since shut out the hills. "He wa'n't a weak man," she said, "but he couldn't say no to anybody in trouble. He was a big creatur': made out o' putty, I told him he was. An' byme-by"— She was silent, looking out over the tree tops where an oriole was busy.

"Yes, Aunt Sylvy!" said Annabel, in a hushed eagerness, "yes!"

"Well, I didn't see folks then as I do now. I hadn't seen so many. I b'lieved he took thought of everybody but me, an' one day I told him so. He'd saved up a hundred dollars towards rentin' the old Timmins place for us to live in, and then one o' the Thorn's lost a yoke of oxen, an' nothin' would do but Gilman must turn in that money towards another pair. I was up helpin' 'round with his sisters. 'Twas the day they raised the new barn."

"The one with the date on it!"

"Yes, that was the year. Well, he told me about that hundred dollars out in the orchard while the workmen were in to dinner. We used to contrive some to get a minute alone, an' I'd told the girls I'd set down with them afterwards. So he broke it to me, an' I flared up an' said he was selfish for all he seemed so freehanded; for he done what was the easiest and never thought o' me. He never spoke. The tears came into his eyes. He never spoke a word. I remember how loud the bees sounded. It was apple bloom time."

Annabel caught her breath. She seemed to be gazing into the vista of her own barren years. She saw herself, an old woman, sitting down with the memory of her own love, wounded and cast aside.

"I told him 'twas no matter; we needn't be married at all. I never meant it. He knew I never meant it, but it cut. He turned an' walked off—an' that afternoon, dear, he fell off the stagin' of the new barn, an' that was the end." She spoke quite simply, even with a little smile.

Tears were running down Annabel's face. She might have been crying for the girl whose lover died so long ago; but at the bottom of her heart fluttered a wild fear for the man who had that morning gone troubled away.

"It was all over and done with," said Aunt Sylvia, dreamily, "all over an' done. His sisters took on terribly an' I said, 'You let me stay a day or two an' help out.' Them three days I never left the house. I set up all night at the head o' the stairs when his sisters were asleep an' his mates watched down below. Your father was one."

She stopped again, and Annabel stinted her own crying, lest the story end there.

"The night after the services I went home across lots through the dark. I'd said good-by to 'em in the sittin'-room an' slipped out; and when I went through the kitchen, I snatched his workin' coat from off the nail, an' run. I laid all night on my bed, my face on that coat. I kep' it near for weeks an' months. It's in that chist." She smoothed the lid companionably. "Yes, I stole it, dear! Maybe 'twas well I did, if I was to live, for it helped me to get through. It's like a livin' thing to me yet. It always will be. I brought it up here yesterday when Maria Emmons was helpin' me clean; for there ain't any hand can touch it but mine. I don't ever feel quite safe about it when I'm out o' the house. Seem's if it might get hurt." She smiled piteously, and the other woman, looking in her face, understood it all.

"An' now, dear, I'm comin' to the end. When I die, I want you to see this don't fall into any hands but yourn. You make way with it somehow; an' you do it kinder tender. You'll know how, you set so much by Deane."

Annabel rose, and came to settle, with a soft rustling, at the woman's feet.

"Aunt Sylvy!" she began, looking up through tear-wet eyes.

But Sylvia shook her head. "No, dear," said she, "not that! You needn't do that. I used to say myself, 'I'll have it buried with me.' But that's only young folks' foolishness. When I've passed away I've done with here, just as he has, an' it don't make a mite of odds about the way. On'y I should like to have you tender of it."

"I promise that, Aunt Sylvy. And I won't tell. No, I never'll tell."

"There, that's right, dear!" answered Sylvia, with some access of her everyday cheerfulness. "No, don't you mention it, if you can anyways help it. I won't say you mustn't tell Deane, when I'm dead

an' gone. I shouldn't want to put a straw's weight on ye when it came to him. An' maybe you won't have to. An' now we'll poke downstairs an' have a dish o' discourse about other things."

They stood there by the window with the spring air breathing in, and Annabel was the one to linger.

"We can't blame folks when they're dead," said she, her voice one broken note of wonder and regret. "What makes us blame 'em while they're alive?"

"We don't stop to think of 'em as they are, dear," said Sylvia, with that tenderness which is borne only out of loss. "We just fix our eyes on what they do. What difference does it make what they do, so long as we know what they are? Now as for him—Gilman—I don't say he done the best thing when he knuckled down to his folks, but I got so tried over it I forgot 'twas his good heart. An' mostly when couples come to partin' it's because they don't realize how much they set by one another. If they did, everything else'd seem terrible small."

They went slowly down the stairs into the kitchen, where Aunt Sylvia got out her milk and eggs and began to make her custard for supper. She worked with a light and careful hand, and Annabel, crocheting by the window, looked at her from time to time with a tenderness which was now half wonder. There was something new about this frail, sweet woman, something to pique delight and pain. She seemed to have fitted her past to her present with the unspoken certainty that the future would justify them both. Life was done with, yet she wore the sacredness of a bride.

"I ain't talked so much for forty year," said Aunt Sylvia, as she broke her eggs. "We won't touch on this again. On'y you look here! Two yolks, an' yeller's gold! If that old Leghorn ain't the beater!"

The day slipped by, full of low words and drowsy intervals. The two women made all the rounds sacred to habit: first to the barn and the old cellar where cinnamon roses grew. Aunt Sylvia told the family stories, and Annabel listened seriously as if there lay a sacred meaning in each one. They found something solemn in the day. Aunt Sylvia remembered that this was the last visit before the beloved child should be a wife; but with Annabel some line had been unwittingly crossed, and she was a wife already.

But as the hours crept on, her fear grew strong and mastered her. Something tragic lay in the shadows of the later afternoon, and when sunset yielded to dusk and the frogs began peeping, the sound smote upon her heart with the inexplicable melancholy of spring and foreboding love. Aunt Sylvia was in the kitchen putting away the last dish when the girl appeared, hat in hand and her face quite pale.

"Aunt Sylvy!" she said all in a breath, "I'm going! I'm going now!"

"Mercy sakes! what for? Ain't Deane comin'?"

"I don't know! I don't know! I'm afraid something's happened."

The beat of hoofs resounded from the road. Annabel gave a little cry, a note of sheer delight from a heart which had ceased to hope.

"O, he's coming! Good by, Aunt Sylvy! Let me run."

She threw her arms about the little creature, and fled out and down the path like a hurrying shadow. Deane sat there in the buggy; but before he was quite aware of her she stepped in beside him. Joy beat thrillingly in her veins.

"I didn't mean to be late," he began, gravely, as they turned. "The colt cast a shoe." His voice sounded sad and old. Annabel made haste to call him hers again.

"Did you think I liked other folks as I do you?" she asked in a passionate undertone. "Did you think I did? Henry Staples, my own father and mother, anybody, compared with you? Did you think so? There ain't anything in this world"—

He had been schooling himself to dull endurance, and now the whole woman seemed to have given herself to him, body and soul. His face broke up into an emotion hidden by the night, and he gathered her mouth to his.

"Do you like me like that?" he said, hoarsely. "I don't care who you go to ride with if you like me like that—Henry Staples or anybody else."

"I don't want to," she whispered, with the keen passion born out of knowledge of another woman's loss. "I don't want anything but you—you—you!"

Americans as Sargent Paints Them

By Estelle M. Hurll

It was an odd experience to enter the Boston exhibition of Sargent Portraits, just as one of the Originals came in. He was accompanied by a talkative man who addressed him familiarly as "Ned," and the two stood where the Original came in direct range of the Portrait, turning his back to it as if embarrassed by the companionship of his double. It was beyond the delicacy of average human nature not to steal an occasional glance from one to the other, noting how the alert figure and scholarly face were duplicated on the canvas. As our eyes followed the original out, we reverted to the portrait, and lo, the man himself had apparently re-entered the room! We began to feel that it was quite as rude to stare at the Portrait-presence as at the Original.

Presently two elderly ladies rustled in, and as one raised her lorgnette to the first portrait in order, she exclaimed in joyful surprise, "Why, that's Nellie!" and again, turning to her friend as if in introduction, "This is Nellie." Again we felt a sense of intruding among friends and hastily withdrew from their neighborhood.

After that it seemed out of taste to make any comments where everybody knew everybody. The gallery was like a great reception room, and we, guests among guests, rather than spectators at a pageant—least of all reporters at an exhibition! We could not if we would, look on unobserved, for every portrait personage in the company frankly returned our gaze. The women were society beauties arrayed according to the dictates of the prevailing fashion in shimmering *décolleté* gowns. With the men one felt more at ease, for they were distinguished figures in art, letters, statesmanship or finance, and we claimed a sort of familiarity with public characters like General Leonard Wood, James Whitcomb Riley and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

Altogether the most striking impression of a visit to this exhibition is that we have been among *personalities* rather than *portraits*. And although the most obvious reason for this is the fact that the originals are well-known people of our own times and surroundings, the more important reasons lie deeper.

Mr. Sargent has found the way to impart vitality to his portraits or rather, let us say, life itself. These beings breathe and move, look at us and even speak to us. As we walk the length of the gallery their eyes still follow us, smiling, serious or intent. Each seems to exist for us alone. No one can tell how the artist accomplishes all this, for, in the last analysis, it is not a matter of drawing or of laying on paint. It is rather the gift of seizing expression and pose at precisely the right moment—the "psychological moment," as it has become the fashion to say. The expression fairly vibrates on the countenance, never hardening into setness. The attitude is caught in a moment of unconsciousness, not when the subject has stiffened into a pose. Almost invariably the eyes look directly out of the picture, a method which always enhances the sense of lifelikeness in a portrait.

And to vitality, pure and simple, Mr. Sargent adds the qualities of the individuality. Each figure is distinctly himself or herself, objectively realized, and not subjectively Sargentized. There is none of that sameness which runs through the women of Reynolds and the men of Van Dyck. Even in the matter of palette Sargent allows for the individuality in a way undreamed of by many of the earlier portrait painters. Who can write a recipe for Sargent's "flesh-tints," after the glib manner in which we identify the "golden browns" of Rembrandt, and the "pearly grays" of Gainesborough? Here in a single room the flesh tint ranges from the peculiar pallor of the scholar and man of letters, to the florid complexion of the man of wealth and dinners, and the bronzed skin of the army officer; from the doll-like pinkiness of the brown-haired young mother to the rather sallow tints of the gray-haired brunette.

Even the backgrounds, of which there is an unlimited variety of treatment, subtly suggest the individuality of the subject—the poetic blending of neutral tints, breaking into a creamy opening behind the lady in gray, the dainty pink and gray tapestry behind the vivacious young creature in blue satin, solid dark olive to set off the cautious financier and well-filled bookcases for the scholar.

The exhibition includes some fifteen works executed during the artist's recent four months' visit in this country. The extraordinary rapidity of his brush has long since ceased to surprise. To one who has gained his unerring precision of stroke there is no lost time. Every sweep is full of significance and nothing has to be undone or done again. It will be remembered that the primary purpose of Sargent's coming was to superintend the placing of the new mural decoration in the Boston Public Library. To those who have known him only by the library work the portrait exhibition must be a revelation. The step from one class of work to the other is perhaps the longest possible step in the art of figure painting—a step from the purely impersonal, external and decorative, to the intensely personal, psychological and interpretative, from the generalized and abstract to the human and individual, from the shadow of life, to life itself.

A Boston laborer has fallen heir to Western mining property worth $2,000,000. Before congratulating him it would be desirable to know whether he has the moral and mental qualities which will enable him to invest and spend wisely.

MRS ELLA F. YOUNG

MARGARET A. HALEY

CATHARINE GOGGIN

A Group of Chicago Women Educators

By Ella Gilbert Ives

When the editor of the *Journal of Education* was recently asked whom he considered the most notable, all-round woman teacher in America, he replied, "Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, professor of education in the University of Chicago." A letter from a public school principal of that city speaks of Mrs. Young as "the leading woman educator—teacher—in the United States." She evokes admiration not only by her ability, but also by her ideals, her devotion to duty, her independent judgments. When on the staff of Dr. Benjamin Andrews, superintendent of schools, as district superintendent, she was his ablest assistant. Unable to carry out her own convictions she resigned the position, to his surprise and regret.

To that post Mrs. Young had climbed, unaided by adventitious circumstance; beginning her teaching at eighteen in primary work and mastering her art in each successive grade of promotion: grammar, high and normal schools, and principal of elementary schools. A few years ago her name was frequently mentioned for the superintendency of schools—a forecast of the more liberal future for women, when equal chances with men shall be theirs. Mrs. Young declined the principalship of Chicago Normal School, but has served for years on the board of regents of the State University. Her latest work as editor of the *Elementary School Teacher*, a publication of the University of Chicago, has placed it in the front rank of educational journals. The university honored itself in making Mrs. Young Doctor of Philosophy.

The Ella F. Young Club of elementary school principals is evidence of her standing with the teachers. They love and trust her without stint. A recent generous act illustrates her reciprocity. A course of lectures by Mrs. Young before the Federation of Teachers having been paid for at her usual rates, $125, she promptly returned the same with five dollars added to the amount of check.

Mrs. Young has more than local celebrity, her services being in constant requisition outside Chicago. Even the conservative National Education Association has placed her name twice upon its program for 1903, an honor accorded to no other woman.

From that program Miss Margaret F. Haley is conspicuous for her absence; yet she is today the most dramatic figure in educational circles. A sixth grade teacher in a Chicago public school until January, 1900, Miss Haley awoke one morning and found herself famous. She had been summoned by an exigency to show her imperial qualities of leadership. With her friend Miss Goggin, she had taken up the cause of the unpaid teachers in the Chicago public schools, having traced the depletion of the city treasury to its source—the uncollected taxes on $235,000,000 of property owned by the franchise corporations.

The Chicago Federation of Teachers was then two years old, having been formed to meet the issue of the grade teachers' low salaries. Victorious from that contest, the federation was in trim to follow its leaders. Six thousand grade teachers, led by two young women from their ranks, drawn up in battle array against the street railway company, the gas and electric light companies, the Pullman and Armour companies; backed by corrupt officials in league with them, and by every daily in Chicago! What had induced Miss Haley to espouse so forlorn a hope? The conviction that her cause was just, the teachers brave, the people true, and God in the shadow keeping watch. She had "come to the kingdom for such an hour as this"—who can doubt it, after reading the thrilling story of the great tax fight and the incomparable generalship which led to victory?

That story is a civic romance. The immediate result is easily tabulated: the payment into the city, county and state treasuries, of a million and a quarter dollars, in back taxes, and the certainty that a million a year would follow in the future, from the franchise corporations.

New problems now confronted the dauntless federation. The recovery of the back taxes precipitated a conflict with the Board of Education, which began using the money for other purposes than paying the teachers' back salaries for 1900. This case is now tied up in the courts, having been postponed thirteen times by the board through its attorneys. Miss Haley is confident of victory in this and other pending issues; among them, pensions for teachers, tenure of office, fewer children to a teacher, and the teacher's right to a voice in all educational matters.

The federation recognizes the opposition to be overcome, and with this in view has just created two new offices, making Miss Haley business agent and Miss Goggin financial secretary, paying each the salary she would receive as a grade teacher. It has also affiliated with the Federation of Labor, Miss Haley being made a member of its legislative committee. During the last session of the state legislature she spent her entire time at the Capitol, opposing the Education Bill and promoting measures for municipal ownership and kindred reforms; the result being productive labor legislation unmatched in the history of the state. Since January, Miss Haley has edited the *Federation Bulletin*, a weekly publication begun in 1901, and a lever of power in her resolute hand.

And how account for Margaret Haley? A noble mother, an incorruptible father, a reading household, an early acquaintance with such writers as Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, are significant antecedents in her career. Certain traits of character must explain the rest; chief among them capacity for detail and a comprehensive grasp of conditions. Facing the tax issue with all that it involved, she began by mastering the revenue laws of the state in their complicated workings, the reports of the State Board of Equalization for twenty-eight years, and those of the great franchise corporations. To the attorneys of the latter she furnished figures more reliable than their own. She surpassed the lawyers in accurate knowledge of the legal aspects of the case, and could have given the directors of the corporations information about their properties. She knew how to utilize her knowledge in mass meetings and through the news columns of the daily press. Pervading all was a Celtic humor and Saxon grit that held her doggedly to her purpose. She taught her first school at sixteen and began, but did not end, by playing marbles. Such, in brief, is Margaret Haley.

Closely associated with her in the historic tax fight and its sequel is Miss Catharine Goggin, one of the organizers of the Federation of Teachers, and an important official throughout its existence. Less aggressive than Miss Haley, she is

the balance wheel of the movement. Her cardinal principle is: The material interests of the teachers must be conserved, in order to advance the higher interests of the schools and the children. Miss Goggin declines to tell her age, as she says she has no recollection of her birth, and anything she might offer would be hearsay evidence merely. Both her picture and Miss Haley's indicate a reasonable chance of further service.

The National Federation of Teachers has recently elected Miss Haley president, and under its auspices she will speak in Boston during the meeting of the National Education Association, July 6–10. A movement is on foot to give her special welcome to the city of the Puritans, and to show the fealty of good men and women to educational and civic righteousness. The interest of reformers especially will center in this Chicago trio, Catharine Goggin, Margaret A. Haley and Ella F. Young.

Men and Things Way Out West

III. The Outlook for Religion

By Howard A. Bridgman

Was it not Adoniram Judson, one of the pioneers of modern missions, who when asked what the prospects for Christianity were in India replied, "As bright as the promises of God?"

As I pass from my cursory review of material and educational interests in the far West to a necessarily incomplete consideration of its moral and spiritual life, I would repeat Judson's ringing words and proceed to point out some facts which, in my opinion, justify my hopefulness. Mark Twain's witticism perpetrated a number of years ago, "Beyond Omaha there is no Bible and beyond Ogden no God," long ago lost any measure of truth it may ever have contained. What surprised President Roosevelt on his recent tour was the amount of good Americanism which he found everywhere, and I must confess that the quality of the religious life and the degree of religious activity which I observed exceeded my expectation. As noble exponents of the religion of Jesus, as active and successful churches exist and exert their influence beyond the Rockies as this side of them. The fight for righteousness is prosecuted hardly less vigorously in San Francisco and Seattle than in New York or Boston.

IN THE CITIES

The city churches which I inspected are well organized, courageous and bringing forth fruit year in and year out. Brown at Oakland captains the fourth largest church in the denomination, a remarkably democratic, progressive and harmonious company of men and women. Adams has lifted the First of San Francisco out of the valley of humiliation and despair, and is said to be preaching today to more men than any other Protestant minister in San Francisco. House starts in at the First, Portland, with definite plans, and a singularly ready and expectant attitude on the part of his people. Temple has fitted perfectly Plymouth Church, Seattle, and the common people, as well as the rich, hear him gladly and constantly. Smith, who has just founded Pilgrim Church, finds the tide all running his way. Mears at Snohomish is a fine representative of the progressive, aggressive younger men in our ministry. At Walla Walla Rev. Austin Rice, son of Dr. Charles B. Rice of the Massachusetts Ministerial Board of Pastoral Supply, seems to be in no danger of being obliged to open professional negotiations with his respected father. Wallace has proved the man for the hour at the Westminster of Spokane, and lifted it to the place of eminence in the city where it belongs, while over the rushing river Rev. C. R. Gale is building up a compact organization of consecrated workers.

IN THE FORESTS OF WASHINGTON

But I pass by rapidly these brethren, about each of whom it would be possible to say justly many more pleasant things, in order that I may call attention to several home missionary workers and the nature of their tasks. They are probably no more deserving of recognition than scores of other men and I would emphasize the typical rather than the personal side of their labors. When I went West I was most eager to see the rudimentary stages of home missionary operations. One who stays in the big cities of the far West where conditions do not differ materially from those in the East, gains but a partial idea of the real home missionary problems. He must get out into the timber and mines away from hotels and electric bells. Hence I pushed up from Seattle into Snohomish County, a great wooded area as big as Massachusetts stretching up to the Canadian line. There we have some of the best work going on anywhere in this country today and there you are at the beginning of things.

The two men who have done most towards planting Christianity and Congregationalism along the line of the Monte Cristo Branch of the Northern Pacific Railway, are Rev. R. H. Parker of Machias and Rev. C. W. Bushnell of Granite Falls. The former has within a year organized a church at Machias and a second at Hartford, and contemplates driving down stakes at another outpost. The latter has taken a comparatively new church and so developed its inward life that it leads all the churches of the state in point of view of *per capita* contributions to benevolent objects.

Unattractive, not to say forlorn, are the towns where these brethren and their families live. As in all new Western communities, saloons protrude on every hand. The unkempt streets, the dingy buildings, the rickety sidewalks and the blackened stumps do not constitute an environment in the midst of which you would want to bring up your children.

And yet splendid people live here and the missionaries themselves do not bewail their fortunes. "Ah, but it is the fellowship which I miss and crave," said one of them to me when we parted. This was his only note of discouragement in all the conversation we had. The men are there because they love Christ. They know that not only in these little new railroad towns, but for miles on either side of the track is a territory that needs to be cultivated. Scattered all through these woods are lumber camps. I visited one, took dinner with the sixty men in their shirt sleeves, watched the interesting process of felling the great firs and cedars, and of drawing them out by a donkey engine and a locomotive to the sawmill where they are made into shingles and sent all over the world. It is a motley and cosmopolitan set of men who drift into these camps. Many of them blow in their wages at the end of the week and yet many live straight lives and as they fight their battles against temptations born of the isolation, loneliness and monotony which must always invest the life of a frontiersman, they need and most of them appreciate the aid which organized Christianity brings and might bring most effectively.

IN THE MINES OF IDAHO

My other glimpse of Christianity in the making was in the Cœur d'Alene region of Idaho, famous for the bitter and prolonged strife a year or two ago between mine owners and working men. Its echoes have not died out of the narrow, beautiful valley. Employers told me that now they have no use for the labor unions and that the man who hires help for all the mines in the valley is instructed to discriminate against men who belonged to the unions. And yet from other sources I heard that the Miners' Union was still in existence. At any rate it maintains headquarters and I should judge an active propaganda on the principal street of Burke. The towns which cling like snails to the steep slopes of the mountains have a woe-begone aspect, but down at Wallace, the heart of the region, we find a thriving little city, big enough to invite President Roosevelt, and to get him too. The region abounds in rich deposits of silver and lead, and not for scores of years will they be exhausted.

Here the Christian problem is complicated by the fact that there is practically no Sunday in the mines, as the men work day and night the week around. But our men in the Congregational church, Rev. O. F. Thayer at Wardner and J. B. Orr at Wallace, sense the situation and adapt their means to the desired ends. The former could do much more if he were equipped with an institutional church where he could provide safe recreation for the miners and perhaps a temperance bar, and where reading and bathrooms would be a wholesome agency. From $10,000 invested there today there could be reaped a speedy and large harvest. At Wallace, Mr. Orr has already made an excellent beginning in this direction. He started a reading-room in

which the city fathers took so much interest that they furnished the gas, while the owner of the building gave the rent. It is on the main street, is fitted up attractively, and there Mr. Orr spends most of his days, meeting the men as they come and go and studying between times. He is about to erect on an admirable site a church edifice which will have a gymnasium attachment. These young, pushing representatives of ours in the mining regions deserve not alone the prayers but the gifts of their brethren.

OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTICS

As respects the character of public worship I noted less elaboration than is coming to be in vogue in the East. The simple, old-fashioned order of service is adhered to with little in the way of liturgical enrichment. There is a briskness of movement from start to finish as might be expected in the hustling West. When they start in on the Doxology or on a congregational hymn they soon make it clear that they are not going to be all day about it. At the same time stronger churches spend money freely to secure the best instrumental and vocal music and the quartet work is often admirable. The ministerial gown has yet to make its way into Western pulpits. I doubt if any ecclesiastical millinery of this sort is to be found in any Congregational church west of the Old First in Detroit.

The outspoken pride and loyalty of church members are a delightful element. They do not hesitate to talk about "our" church. Men join, I think, more frequently than they do in the East, without passing through certain prescribed preliminary spiritual experiences. Here is a well-to-do, right-minded business man, who believes heartily in the church as a wholesome institution in the community. The natural step for him seems to be to join the church, particularly if the members of his family already belong. Something of the same motive may prevail that leads a man to join a congenial club, but it does bring to the service of the church, particularly along financial lines, much human material that might otherwise never be utilized.

Doubtless hosts of men, nominally and really Christians in the East, lose their religion when they pitch their tents beyond the Rockies. On the other hand, the West seems to me a splendid place in which to recover personal religion, and I met more than one man who had taken hold afresh of Christian things. As it is easier to get a fresh start in business after failure, so it is not so hard to begin anew in the Christian life. This fact constitutes one great secret of the hopefulness of religious work in the West. Men may be more brusque, but at heart they are more accessible. You do not have to wait for an introduction before you dare put your hand on his shoulder and say, "Come over to our service tonight, my friend," or, "We want you and your help in our church."

THE HINDRANCES

The main disadvantage under which church work is prosecuted arises from the fluidity of the population. A large proportion of dwellers in Western cities are constitutionally restless. They see richer financial harvests further on. State Evangelist Veazie named in my hearing no less than twelve towns and cities in Colorado in which he said not a single inhabitant intends to live out his days. People settle down in these mining camps only long enough to win their fortune or to assure themselves that there is no fortune to be won. When you reach supposedly more stable cities, like San Francisco and Seattle, you still find the Westward movement appealing strongly to the young men. The pastors, thinking they have secured prizes in new comers, intrust to them important lines of labor, when all at once bright hopes are dissipated by some such announcement as this: "Dr. Brown, Dr. Adams, Dr. Temple, I'm off next week to Alaska or Korea or Siam or the Philippines."

Then, too, the strength of the fraternal orders in every Western community constitues a serious difficulty. Time, energy and money go to their maintenance that the church needs. Moreover, the heterogeneous character of the population makes it difficult to build up a homogeneous congregation. Dr. Bayley of Denver told me that he has now in the Plymouth Church of that city persons who formerly represented eighteen different denominations.

DENOMINATIONAL RIVALRY

Passing to the competition of denominations one finds far too much of it. It is no strange thing for a city of 3,000 inhabitants to have from ten to fifteen church plants, such as they are. Our own denomination is to a great extent free from blame for this state of things. In many cases where there is overcrowding our church was first on the ground and is the foremost in the place, sometimes being the only self-supporting organization. Plainly, it is not its duty to withdraw. As respects the occupation of new fields, our superintendents are careful not to intrude. The fine work to which I have referred along the line of the Monte Cristo road is in towns into which no other denomination has ventured. Between us and the Presbyterians there is a good degree of comity, and in North Dakota a notable degree. But with relation to the Baptists and Methodists, and particularly a dozen of the smaller sects, there is far too little.

The trouble lies further back than the local church. It lies with the missionary superintendents and goes even beyond them to their boards. Until we can get the proper degree of conference and fellowship between the various officials and committees in New York, Boston, Chicago, Nashville and elsewhere we are not going to get anything like Christian unity on the field. The boards must be made to follow the Christian sentiment of those pouring out their money in behalf of frontier work and who would be grieved if they realized the waste and friction too often found.

With regard to the missionary work in general of our own denomination I would speak enthusiastically. We have a number of far-seeing, capable, devoted superintendents. Efficiency and compatibility in these positions are the key to large and permanent success. They are bishops in fact, if not in name, and the caliber and remuneration of bishops ought to be kept in view when men are selected.

I raise the question, also, whether our Congregational system of a double superintendency is the wisest one. I am not so sure that the largest results are secured through having one man gather the children and their parents into Sunday school, and then another, representing another society, to organize them into a church. At any rate, if this system is the best, in view of the teachings of history, great pains ought to be taken to secure men who will work effectively together. The Congregational propaganda cannot go on happily unless the home missionary and Sunday school superintendent see eye to eye and work hand to hand. No man ought to be appointed to either of these offices without consultation with the board of directors of the other organization. If this simple rule is observed, together with proper deference to the sentiment of the brethren on the ground, the chances of friction will be greatly reduced.

THE EFFECT UPON THE WORLD

How does the church touch the life of these Western communities? Not so strongly as it might and will, but still with healing and with power. Almost every Western city has its section where gambling, licentiousness and drunkenness are permitted, or at least have been up to recent years. An anti-gambling law, passed largely through the efforts of Congregational laymen, has recently gone into effect in Washington which will probably do away with open gambling. In Spokane at the last election the reform forces came within a few votes of carrying the city. Missoula, one of the most thriving and attractive cities in Montana, the seat of the state university, has a Christian mayor and a Christian chief of police.

And yet, speaking broadly, it will take long and persevering effort to bring the cities of the far West to that degree of outward conformity to law which obtains in some Eastern cities. Vice flaunts itself more openly there. You know what may be found below the dead line in Seattle and in "Tough-town" in Spokane and on certain back streets in almost every large community. The Christian people have no heart as yet to attack the problem of Sunday liquor selling. Still, in one way and another, the influence of moral and spiritual ideals is being felt. Opposite one of the worst gambling dens in the Pacific Northwest is a well-conducted rescue mission, in front of which every night flashes this glorious suggestion of the gospel, "John 3: 16." That is only one of many lighthouses in dark and depraved sections. Jee Gam's mission house in Chinatown, San Francisco, is another.

It is sixty-seven years since the little party headed by Dr. Whitman crossed the Great Divide, where they paused, and with their faces turned toward the Pacific, the open Bible before them and the Stars and Stripes above them, consecrated this vast Western empire to God and the uses of his kingdom. How they must now rejoice if it be granted to them to know what has been achieved in these threescore years—the sure prophecy of greater victories to come!

Among the Breaker Boys of Pennsylvania

By Allan Sutherland

Twelve years ago Mrs. Ellen W. Palmer of Wilkesbarre started a movement to improve the mental and moral conditions of the breaker boys of the Pennsylvania coal mines. Her

Mrs. Ellen W. Palmer

work has culminated in the Boys' Industrial Association Home, recently established in Wilkesbarre.

The building is of brick, with stone trimmings, measures 50 by 70 feet, and is four stories high, with basement. It cost $10,000, and has been paid for within a year. Much of the work on the building was done at cost by business men and contractors, who in this way showed their appreciation of what was being done for the working boys of the city and surrounding towns.

Dating back almost to that famous period when Jesse Fell made the discovery that "stone coal" could be burned in a grate as fuel, the slate picker in the breaker and the door boy in the mine have been familiar figures in all localities where anthracite is taken from the earth. Denied by their hours of work educational advantages it was natural that many of them should drift into evil ways.

How to help them was a difficult problem, for the boys had enjoyed such freedom that they had become stubborn and hard to manage. They resented anything that savored of charity and could only be reached through infinite kindness and tact. On the 9th of March, 1891, Mrs. Palmer succeeded in getting nearly one hundred slate-pickers and others variously employed about the coal works into a vacant storeroom in Wilkesbarre. Although greeted by a noticeably mischievous and unruly gathering, she made a favorable impression, the result being that at the next meeting a larger number was in attendance. The group included American, English, Irish, Welsh, Polish, Hungarian and Hebrew boys.

Soon a series of Saturday evening entertainments was inaugurated. Their character was so different from what the boys had been in the habit of enjoying that they were impressed, and soon attendance became so great that it was necesssary to secure larger quarters.

In the meantime study classes had been organized, and within a short time it was observed from the brightened countenances of Mrs. Palmer's *protégés* that something new had come into their lives. When they appeared at their modest schoolroom each evening they were dressed in better taste, their hands and faces were cleaner, and their hair more neatly combed than formerly. The little fellows, urged on by their kindly faced teacher, plunged into their reading, writing and arithmetic with real earnestness. The first year 150 names were placed on the roll; the second, 300; the third, 450; the fourth, about 600; and at the present time there are nearly 750; and the rush for admittance to the "grand" entertainment on Saturday evenings is so great that it is necessary to close the doors of the auditorium promptly at 7.30 o'clock to prevent overcrowding.

Ready for dinner

For several years the work was carried on in vacant storerooms, but later the Wilkesbarre city councilmen gave Mrs. Palmer permission to occupy a large room in City Hall, and here meetings were held for nearly two years. Meantime the councilmen after closely observing the progress made by the association, secured a piece of ground on which they gave Mrs. Palmer permission to erect a building calculated to serve as a home for "her boys" for all time to come.

On the first floor are two parlors, one for the boys and the other for young men. On this floor, in other apartments, are the various branches of the manual training school, in which cane-seating, basket and hammock making are taught.

On the second floor is the auditorium, which has a well-appointed stage thirty feet wide, with a proscenium opening twenty feet in width by twenty-five feet in height. On the third floor is the gallery. On the fourth

In the carpenter's shop

Mrs. Palmer and a group of her pupils

floor is a lodge room, gymnasium and two rooms for the debating clubs. Adjoining the building is a large lot, which has been loaned to the association by the city, and on this the boys have erected a hand-ball court, on which they exercise during the summer.

Since the Industrial Association was started many of its original members have left the mines and breakers and entered professions, and others are learning trades. On the day the corner stone was laid for the building the principal oration was delivered by a young man who was one of the first to place his name on the roll, but who is now studying for the ministry in a leading Pennsylvania college.

When asked how she came to start the movement, Mrs. Palmer said: "I was first moved by the dark and sorrowful rings about the eyes of some of the little breaker boys. Before we started our organization many of the younger boys employed about the coal works were compelled, in order to further assist in keeping the family larder supplied, to sell papers, and being impatient to get to the printing offices did not take sufficient time to thoroughly wash the grimy coal dust from their faces, and this neglect was accountable for the somber circle about the eyes. I was deeply impressed when I first saw them, and the sight awakened pity in my heart."

On Monday night, on the top floor of the boys' home, the military brass band meets for rehearsal, while one branch of the three debating clubs, in another room, is discussing some important problem. At the same time four young women teachers are instructing and entertaining the boys, fifty in number, on the lower floor. The manual training classes are also meeting for practical work, and in each department a busy scene is presented.

On Tuesday another debating club meets, four other young women teachers being present to entertain and instruct. In the industrial departments another section is trying to master the intricacies of basket making, etc., there being so many who wish to learn trades that it is necessary to divide them into separate classes.

Wednesday, basket-ball in the gymnasium; Girls' Industrial Association. Thursday, basket-ball and all manual training classes.

Friday, No. 3 Debating Club, which is composed of the younger boys. The United States history class also meets on this evening.

Saturday night, the weekly entertainment in the auditorium.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Palmer teaches a class of 200 in St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church and in the afternoon she attends the Christian Endeavor Society.

Referring to the industrial feature connected with the Boys' Industrial Association its founder said: "These branches are of great benefit, not only in contributing to our success, but they naturally develop a liking in the boys for some trade. In these departments I find boys who wish to become carpenters, cane-seaters, basket makers, hammock makers, and some of the work they do is really wonderful. I do not ask them to sign a pledge to abstain from the use of tobacco or intoxicants or profane language, but out of the 750 members whose names are on the roll, about 500, without urging and of their own free will, placed their names on the card which is distributed at the beginning of each year, in which they make that promise, and I feel confident that every one of them will fulfill it."

Dedication at Drury College

The chief feature of the twenty-eighth Commencement was the dedication of Pearsons Hall of Science, erected at a cost of $50,000 and equipped with nearly $6,000 more, chiefly expended on the laboratories. Dr. Pearsons gave $25,000, the East $22,000 and Missouri almost the entire remainder. The whole to the minutest details of equipment is a monument to the untiring labor of Pres. H. T. Fuller. Dr. Pearsons's dedicatory message included the suggestion that the building be called "Fuller Hall."

Before the coming of the new building, the Drury plant was ill balanced. There were a stately chapel and substantial dormitories, but the actual work of the school was done in ancient, ill-lighted quarters, the science work being especially crowded. The forty rooms of the present spacious building now house the recitation work of the entire college course, but will ultimately be given over to the developing science departments, the first floor to physics, the second to geology and biology with their museums, and the third to chemistry. These departments are now furnished with the best modern apparatus, giving unexcelled facilities for the work attempted. The magnitude and value of the museums now first appear—the fruits of twenty years' labor and chiefly the personal acquisition of Prof. E. W. Shepherd of the chair of geology.

Externally the building is strong and satisfactory, a thoroughly modern structure, with just a suggestion of ancient universities in the central Gothic portal. It is built of mottled gray St. Louis brick on a superb foundation of native limestone. Messrs. Van Brunt and Howe of Kansas City were architects.

Prof. G. Frederick Wright of Oberlin gave the chief address at the dedicatory services, dealing with the contributions of science to human life, first of applied science to economic and humanitarian progress, but chiefly of science to thought on ultimate problems. Here is the propædeutic to philosophy and religion. Very graphically Professor Wright described how the very Ozark uplift, which gives its superb climate to southwestern Missouri and put Springfield and Drury there, bears witness to the essential brevity of the earthly order, sobers philosophy and demands the God of religion as its postulate. Dr. J. W. Fifield appeared as the personal representative of Dr. Pearsons—a minister in the rare position of standing for a millionaire—only Dr. Pearsons had forgotten to send his purse, Dr. Fifield said. He spoke of the significance of four facts—a science hall, of a Christian college, in the expanding Southwest, at the beginning of a new century.

A class of fourteen graduated June 11, the Commencement address being by Dr. A. A. Berle, a former student. During the nine years of Dr. H. T. Fuller's presidency more than twice as many have been graduated as in the previous nine, and financial prosperity has increased remarkably. Dr. Fuller now resigns his burdens, but at the request of the trustees will continue in office through the next college year—which he plans to make the most fruitful of the decade. H. P. D.

Pearsons Hall, Drury College, Missouri

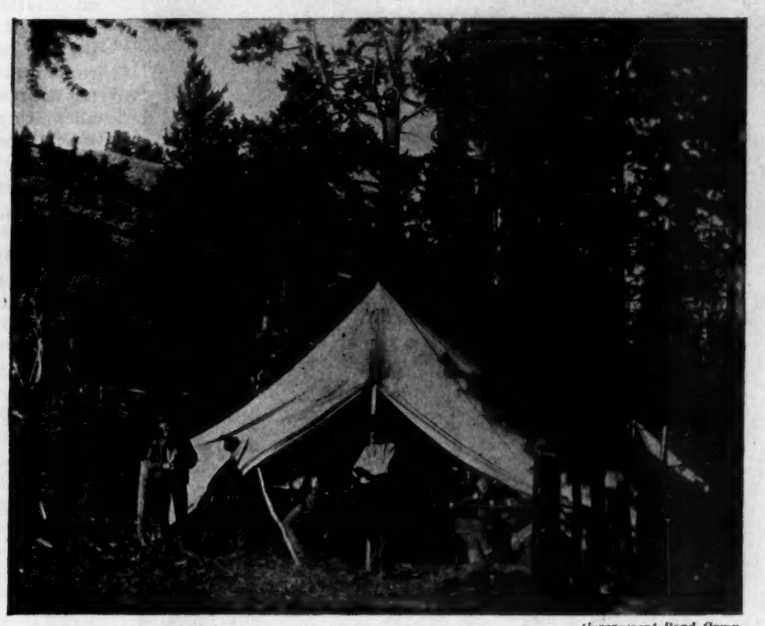
Touring the Yellowstone on Horseback

An Unusual and Delightful Method of Seeing the Wonders of the National Park

By Rev. Cornelius H. Patton, D.D.

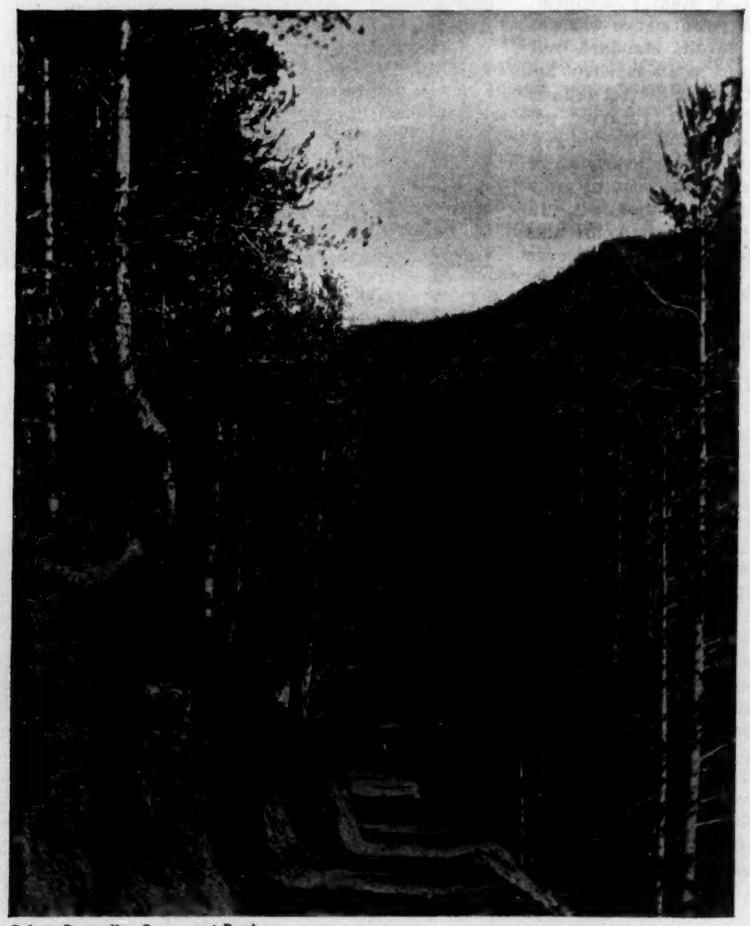
(Illustrated by Original Photographs)

It was highly amusing to find ourselves greeted by the stage-coach tourists as "hay-seeds." Your ordinary tourist is a very superior person. The people of the region ("natives"), the hotel and transportation officials, and especially fellow-travelers who elect some more modest way of seeing things, he regards with undisguised amusement. They are part of the scenery and phenomena to be studied. He enters all they say and do and look in his notebook. Sometimes he makes mistakes; and sometimes the condescension and amusement are on the other side. I know of a colored cook in a White Mountain hotel, who was wiping her sweating brow at the kitchen window when she caught sight of a golfing party climbing a hill to "tee off" for the "home green." As she turned to her kettles and her pots, she remarked to one of her helpers, "I do feel real sorry for these city folks who haven't anything to amuse themselves with, and so have to chase those little balls all over the mountains."



Government Road Camp

To me the most beneficial thing connected with the Yellowstone Reservation is that it is invaded every summer by thousands of humble folk on the backs of work-horses, in prairie schooners, in closed wagons and all sorts of fantastic rigs—people from the farms, ranches and mines of Montana, Wyoming, and even as far off as southern Colorado. With these people it is the event of a lifetime. They leave no one at home, apparently. Parents, grandparents, babies, dogs and all go along. I talked with one mother, carrying a four-weeks-old baby and riding all day on the front seat; and both parties, apparently, were well satisfied with the bargain.

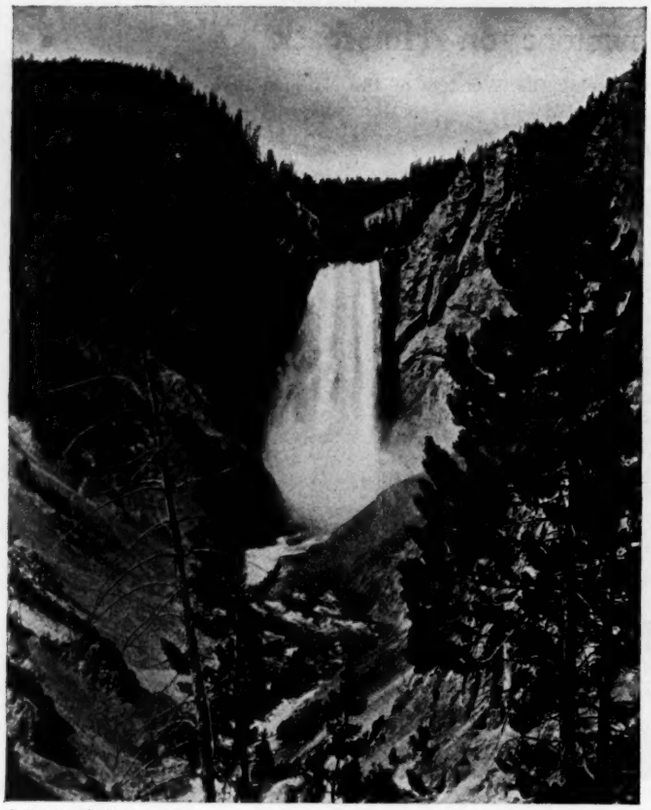


Sylvan Pass. New Government Road

The Government has made excellent provision for these campers, and I am inclined to think they get more good out of the trip than the swell folks who make ludicrous remarks about them, as they roll by in the fine coaches of the transportation company. As I said, we were lumped in with them, and took the "howdy's" and "Say, look at these chaps," with considerable regularity and no end of amusement. The fact is, we felt rather superior on our own part; and not for a moment would we have changed places with the tender-footed, linen-dustered, blue-goggled crowd in the coaches.

At the same time I want to be just with these superior travelers. I confess there was some reason for their humble estimate of our persons. We carried more things on a horse than was ever dreamed of before; and they stuck out in front, and behind, and on both sides in a rather ridiculous manner. There were the pummel-slickers, of course, and the tether ropes and hobbles. No going without these cowboy accompaniments. But then we had also geological bags, with hammers, and usually a gunnysack dangling from the pummel for extra rocks. Both of us carried cameras with dry plates, field glasses, lunch bags and sundry other articles more useful than ornamental. Then there was the professor's hat! I don't blame any inference that may have been drawn from that hat. And finally the dust, O, the dust! especially in the more frequented sections of the park, settling down over everything and making one look like a refugee from the slopes of Pelee.

We were on a six weeks' trip, in a quasi governmental capacity, collecting miner-

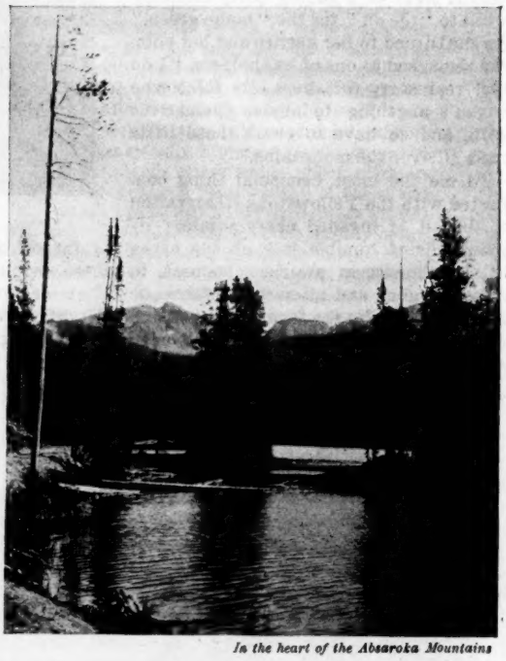


Yellowstone Falls

als for the United States engineer's office, photographing and sight-seeing all at the same time; and we had to carry a good deal of paraphernalia out of the usual. We went in for dry plates and geological hammers, more than for collars and cuffs. As for tents, blankets, extra clothing, etc., these went ahead in wagons to the Government camps, which were our usual stopping places. The beauty of the arrangement was that we were independent of everybody and almost everything, except our own convenience. If the professor wanted to examine a ledge of rock a thousand feet above the road, he could toss the reins over his horse's head, and the well-trained animal would stand for hours. In the meantime, I could capture the finest views in the vicinity, or watch the little conies run in and out with their everlasting hide and seek in the rocks. If a man is going to take pictures successfully, he must often wait for the proper time of day, and the most favorable cloud effects. To attempt to photograph the Yellowstone on a five days' stage trip must be more exasperating than pleasurable. Think of being ordered into your seat at the Upper Basin when you feel morally certain that the Grand Geyser will begin to play within ten minutes! Good Christians have been known to use emphatic language at such times. If one expects to photograph and also to remain in good and regular standing according to Congregational usage, he would better make the trip on horseback or in a private conveyance.

Naturally one's chief interest is in the geysers; and I recall a sensation of actual excitement when waiting for our first geyser to perform, which happened o be the Lone Star. We reversed the usual order through the geyser region, and almost stumbled upon this solitary spouter in the heart of the great pine forest. The performance was not up to the standard, but served as an excellent appetizer for the big fellows farther on. Having set apart a week for the geysers, we saw nearly all of the famous ones in eruption, except the Giant. In vain we waited for this sleeping monster to arouse himself. Nothing rewarded our patience but the fierce boiling of the column of water in the broken crater, and the delightful sense of expectation and uncertainty pervading all those days in the basin.

There may be 200 people at the Upper Basin on a given day when four or five of the big geysers are due to perform. As the geysers do not always run on schedule time, the crowd scatters over the mile and a half of the outlying white silicious formation, peering into empty craters, listening to the deep rumblings far down in subterranean caverns, studying the remarkable colorings of the quiet pools, and all waiting for something to happen. Suddenly the shout arises on the air and is passed from mouth to mouth, "There goes the Castle!" Instantly lines of tourists converge at that point, in coaches, on horseback, on foot. In their haste many of them step into hot pools, some even wade the Firehole River—anything to get to the Castle before it stops. When they arrive it proves to be a false alarm, only a premonitory spurt. So the crowd settles down to wait in strained expectancy, swapping camera gossip and stories about "Larrie," the genial host at the big hotel. But alas for the man who cannot wait! It



In the heart of the Absaroka Mountains

Little Jewel Geyser

seems cruel to come so far and miss a sight like the Castle in full play. And the same may be said of The Lion, the Great Fountain, and a dozen others. Fortunately Old Faithful never fails to reward the hurried tourist with his hourly exhibition, equalled by few, if any, in the world. To be both great and frequent is to attain the highest distinction in geyserdom.

To us the formations about the geysers were quite as interesting as the geysers themselves. The soft pinks and grays of the silica deposited by the water, the oddly shaped walls of the pools with their nodules and scallops, together with the lace-like delicacy of the pool bottoms, fascinated us beyond all expression. Next to studying these formations, I would advise the observing tourist to examine minutely the quiet hot pools, which abound on every side. It is not enough to look down into their sapphire depths and admire the strange colorings of their brims. It takes a detailed study to reveal the exquisite beauties of these pools. It was an astonishment to find what a large part in these formations is played by vegetable life. Evidently the algæ are responsible for the rock building processes fully as much as are the chemicals held in solution by the heated water. The wonderful coloring, too, of the sides of these pools, is due to these same forms of low plant life. When I think of that whole region I find myself saying "O, for another look at The Sapphire Pool!

The larger part of our trip was devoted to the remote sections of the park, seldom visited by tourists, together with the outlying forest reserve. A week was spent in the region of Mount Washburn and Yancey's, points which are being connected by a fine Government road. Eventually the tourist will return over the top of Mount Washburn, which has been called the observatory of the park. At present the route is lacking in mountain scenery, the ride scarcely varying 500 feet in elevation in a single day; but with Mount Washburn and the Yancey region added to the trip, there will be no lack of such variety.

We spent two Sundays in a Government road camp at the base of Mt. Washburn, and had a good chance to get acquainted with the men, from Mr. Kelly, the boss, a fine type of overseer, to the herder who cared for the forty or more horses at night. They were a rough set, as might be supposed, and horribly profane. But on the whole, they were kind-hearted and courteous. When I told them they swore worse than any men I had ever met, they replied, "O, you ought to hear the fellows cuss who work in the railroad camps. We are not in it alongside of them." This was after a service we had held around the campfire on a Sunday night, and which resulted in our getting quite close to the men. One of them was taken sick, and on the supposition that ministers know everything, Mr. Kelly, who was greatly worried over the case, asked me to prescribe some remedy. The fellow evidently had a case of malaria, and was horribly homesick at the same time. He was greatly impressed by the row of pill boxes and bottles that I laid upon the blanket, and I think began to mend from that moment. At any rate the case yielded readily to quinine and some good cheer; and in a day or two he was sitting up and asking what kind of a minister I was. When I said Congregational, he remarked, "Well, I don't hear much about your kind out this way, but I know that on East you are something way up." The professor said, when I announced the man's recovery, "This is a *bona fide* case of divine healing."

One night we had an entertainment. The professor talked about the geology of the region, and questions were fired at him from every side; and about half of the men wanted to show him specimens of supposed valuable ore. Then with the help of two of the surveyors we made up a quartet for some college songs. The Wild Man of Borneo seemed particularly to catch the fancy of the crowd. So much so, that a week later when we returned, as soon as our horses' heads appeared over the ridge, a shout went up from the gang at supper, "O, the wild man of Borneo has just come to town." Strange to say, the best behaved, most industrious, and altogether reliable among the common working men at the camp were a group of a dozen Mormons. We inferred from this that any religion is better than no religion at all. The idea occurred to us that our Home Missionary Society might well employ a few general missionaries to work in just such places. There were several such camps in the park, employing fully 500 men. Capt. H. M. Chittenden, the United States engineer in charge, is a Christian man and a Congregationalist, and would undoubtedly co-operate in having religious work carried on. Many a minister would welcome the opportunity to work in these camps for the sake of the outing it would afford him.

We spent some delightful days in the extreme northeast corner of the park, examining the fossil forest (which is somewhat disappointing, and withal inaccessible except to hardy climbers), studying the beavers which abound at Soda Butte, and fishing on one of the forks of the Yellowstone River. The trout in the park are abundant, but quite lacking in gaminess. It is hardly worth while to carry a rod on the trip, the guide-books to the contrary, notwithstanding. It is more sport to catch a half-pound trout in the Adirondacks or in the Maine woods, than a two-pound trout in the Yellowstone.

Four days were spent in the heart of the Absaroka Mountains, to the east of Yellowstone Lake. The Government is building at great cost a road 100 miles long through these mountains, in order to open up the park from the east. It is a wild country, the peaks rising to 12,000 feet, snow-capped, with heavily wooded valleys abounding in large game. Old trappers, trails run through the passes and connect the park proper with the forest reserve. O, the joy of picking one's way on horseback along these trails! Of course, one will get lost at times, or at least slightly mixed; but the general course of things is plain and the instinct of these Rocky Mountain horses sure. Between the two, one can count upon getting back to camp at night, and always with a rousing appetite for beans and bacon.

We saved three days for the great Yellowstone Cañon and Falls; and were not a whit disappointed, even though we had read the rhetorical descriptions of the guide-books and had listened to the enthusiastic exclamations of tourists. The Yellowstone Falls are the most beautiful single object I have seen in nature. But the tourist should certainly take an extra day here, and spend it with the old guide connected with the Wiley Camp, who alone is allowed to ferry parties across the river above the falls, and to conduct them into the chasm on the farther side. Take that side trip, and it will be a red-letter day in your life.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the fact that in 1879 Henry Drummond spent a Sunday hereabouts concerning which he makes this significant entry in his journal, "*Sabbath, 7th*—Remained encamped all day, spent the day wandering around the cañon. . . . The N. T."

We parted, the professor to visit Jackson Hole and the Grand Teton Mountains, seventy-five miles to the south, immortalized now by the thrilling descriptions in The Virginian, I to return East. It was a hard trip in some ways, but never have I taken one more rewarding. Happy is the man who can visit this wonderland of America, and thrice happy he who can visit it leisurely on the back of a good horse!

A Meadow Lark

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Oh, song blown out of the quiet sky,
From the edge of evenfall!
Oh, ghosts that in the dew go by!
Oh, wind along the wall!
Hush, hush!
Oh, wind by wall!
Hush!

The long roads lie all dimly white,
All white with blackberry b'oom;
As though one brought a little light
Into a darkening room.
Hush!

What if the days be long or few?
What although kings forget?
Hark to that call across the dew·
Song has not failed us yet!
Hush, hush!
Not yet—not yet!
Hush!

Christian News from Everywhere

Agents of the Old Catholics at work in Spain report much unrest among the Roman Catholic clergy there.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt is a lusty evangelical layman within the Established Church who has no sympathy with the High Church party's alliance with the Ministry in forcing the Education Act upon Nonconformists. Mr. Balfour having replied to a critic, that if Nonconformists do not like the bill their remedy lies in returning a House of Commons which will alter it to suit their views, Sir Vernon Harcourt replies, in a letter to Rev. John Clifford in which he retorts to the Premier, that even were a House of Commons returned hostile to the Anglican-Ministerial alliance, "there remains another tyrannical majority which is as supreme as before, and over which the resistance of those whose consciences are violated have no control," namely the House of Lords.

XUM

For the Children

By Caroline K. Herrick

Gervais sat on the step of the railway carriage that was all the home he had now, and watched his mother making soup at a fire that burned on the ground. There was a sound of booming cannon in the distance, and now and then the rush overhead of a bomb thrown into the besieged city from the German camps outside the fortifications.

Gervais was thinking how sadly everything was changed since last summer. They were so happy then in their cosy home a few miles out of Paris. Then he helped his mother work in the garden, while his pale little sister sat on the doorstep watching them and playing with a white pigeon that hopped about her feet and nestled on her shoulder—the prettiest of pigeons and the dearest—Susette, his only pet.

Gervais's uncle was employed in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, at the *pigeonnerie*, where they train carrier pigeons; and the boy had spent many hours in watching and admiring the little feathered messengers who bore letters so swiftly and safely back to Paris from any place at which they were started. One day he returned from a visit to his uncle with a sick pigeon in the bosom of his blouse. It was so sick that his uncle had thought it no use to nurse it longer, and had given it to the boy. Gervais's devoted care brought the bird back to health, and ever since it had been the delight of the little cripple, Madeleine, and the dearest thing on earth—after his family—to Gervais.

Then came the outbreak of war with Germany, and the soldier father marched away with the army. Then the news of the awful disaster of Sedan, soon followed by the knowledge that his father was a prisoner in Germany. Then the cry that the Germans were coming, and the hurried flight from their home, to the city where there was no shelter for them but in the unused railway carriages in the station yard. In such poor dwellings thousands of the country folk from the suburbs were crowded, lacking all comforts, lacking even food now, since all good provisions that still remained in Paris were held at so high a price that the poor could not buy. Even horse-flesh was too dear, and for weeks they had tasted no meat save an occasional sparrow or rat.

The pet pigeon had been brought to the city, and had been a great consolation to the children—she was the one thing that recalled their pretty country home. But one Sunday when Gervais went to church with his mother, he heard the preacher exhorting his hearers not to shrink from any sacrifice for their country in this hour of its need; to give money, work, husbands, fathers, sons, whatever was most precious, if it could but serve the national cause! The *abbé* had said nothing about pigeons, but Gervais knew that he had something that could serve his country. He knew that there was use for all the carrier pigeons that were to be had, now that the German lines were drawn so closely about the city that all communication with the outside world was cut off, save for the letters that were brought in or sent out by balloon or carrier pigeon. Balloons were most successful in carrying letters out of the beleaguered city, pigeons in bringing them in. All the trained birds of the *pigeonnerie* were in requisition.

Gervais fought a hard battle with himself that day, but before he slept he had determined to give his treasure to his country.

The next morning he took Susette from her cage, stroked her feathers smooth, brushed away every speck that discolored their whiteness, made her sit on his shoulder, rub her head against his cheek and peck a grain of barley from between his lips, do all the pretty tricks he had taught her. Then he shut her in her cage again and said in a husky voice:

"Maman, I am going to give Susette to be used in bringing letters from Monsieur Gambetta at Tours. The *abbé* said yesterday"—

"Ah, that is well!" his mother interrupted. "Thou art a good boy to think of it. We can scarcely get food for ourselves; much less for pets."

How little his mother cared! He had thought she would commend him for his sacrifice; but she did not seem to see that it was a sacrifice! The world looked very dreary to the little patriot as he trudged along carrying the wicker cage. Half way of the Champs Elysees he sat down behind a tree, clasped his arms around the cage, laid his head upon it, and sobbed out his sorrow, while Susette cooed in sympathy.

This happened long months ago, and he had learned nothing of Susette since. He had stood watching the balloons start from Montmartre with their freight of letters and cages containing the pigeons that were to return with news from Tours or Lyons, but he had never recognized Susette. He could only hope that she was still alive and at work. The boy's musings were cut short by his mother's voice calling him to come and eat the barley soup which—with the addition of a bit of black bread—was all the food they would taste that day.

"Poor stuff it is," she said, "with nothing to give it flavor! If I had but a few leaves of sorrel or dandelion I could make this miserable fare more savory."

"I will go tomorrow and look for dandelions for thee, Maman," said Gervais. "They will let me pass the *barrière*. It is almost spring. The fields must be green."

The next day he easily obtained leave to go out and search for herbs in the green spots between the military lines. Dandelions proved to be plenty, and the success of his search and the delight of once more walking on grass drew him on. He did not know how near he had approached to the German lines until he heard the startling sounds of clattering hoofs and clanking arms. Looking up, he saw a party of officers with an escort just halting on the crest of a hillock not far away.

Gervais crouched behind a bush—hoping they had not seen him. Peeping through the branches he saw a soldier raise his rifle and fire. A white pigeon came tumbling over and over through the air and fell among the bushes, almost within reach of his arm. As it fell, he had caught sight of a dark spot in its white plumage—a single gray feather under the left wing—a mark he knew well. Creeping along the ground, he seized the dead bird.

But at the same moment a horse came pushing through the thicket and the marksman dismounted and began to search for the bird he had shot. There was no possibility of concealment and Gervais made no attempt to escape. The soldier—discovering him with the dead pigeon in his hand—snatched it from him and dragged him roughly from his hiding-place, cuffing his ears as he went. It was grief for Susette that made the tears run down Gervais's cheeks, but the officer in command of the party called angrily:

"Stop that, you fellow! We are not making war on children. Bring the lad to me."

Gervais looked up into the face of a tall, noble-looking man whose lips were hidden by a thick brown beard, but whose kind eyes seemed to smile upon him.

"What art thou doing here, little man?" he asked.

"Gathering herbs for my mother," Gervais answered, showing his basket.

"He had the pigeon in his hands, your Highness," the soldier interrupted. "He has taken the letters it was carrying."

"I took nothing," said Gervais.

"Have you found nothing on the bird?" asked the officer.

"Nothing, your Highness. The brat

was quick enough to secure whatever there may have been."

"I took nothing," repeated Gervais, addressing the officer who had spoken to him in French. "Search me and see!" and he dropped his basket and threw off his blouse.

The soldier tossed his dandelions out on the ground, shook his blouse, felt in his pockets, drew off his shoes and looked in them, finding nothing, while the great man watched and admonished him:

"Gently, gently! be not rough with the child!"

When the fruitless search was over he said:

"There, thou mayest go home, my little man. I believed thou wast speaking truth."

Gervais put on his blouse, gathered up his dandelions and turned to go, but stopped when he saw the dead pigeon lying unnoticed where the soldier had thrown it.

"May I have the pigeon?" he asked, timidly.

"Why dost thou want it?" asked the officer.

He wanted it that he might bury it carefully, but he could not tell those strange men so. After a moment's hesitation he faltered,

"It is long since we tasted meat."

"Is there no longer meat to be had in Paris?" they asked.

Instinctively the boy knew that he should not betray the distressful condition of the besieged city and he replied evasively:

"There is none for those who have no money to buy."

"Take the bird," said the tall officer, and Gervais laid the pigeon on the leaves in his basket and turned his face to the city, while the Germans cantered in the opposite direction.

When he had arrived so close to the *barrière* that he felt quite safe from another such encounter, Gervais sat down, tenderly lifted the pigeon from its bed of leaves, wiped the blood stains from its breast with the sleeve of his black blouse and smoothed its ruffled plumage. As he laid the tail feathers in order it seemed to him that there were more of them than there used to be and there certainly was one that would not lie quite straight in line with the rest. Running his fingers up the quill to straighten it he felt something—hardly thicker than a hair—that passed around the feather and held it to those on either side—felt it again, about an inch higher up. Then his finger tip slipped over the end of the quill, which had been cut off.

Why should that feather have been tied in the pigeon's tail? Like a flash of light there shone into his memory the recollection of something his Uncle François had told him some weeks ago, how that Monsieur Dagron, the maker of microscopic photographs, was experimenting with a new material he had invented, on which greatly reduced photograph copies of military dispatches were to be taken, which would then be sent by pigeons, concealed in such a manner that the Germans would never be able to find them.

"Creeping along the ground, he seized the dead bird"

"I must not tell you any more about it, Gervais," his uncle had said. "It is too important a secret to be intrusted to a child," which was quite true. It was so important a secret that it had not been intrusted to Uncle François himself.

Perhaps that extra feather in the pigeon's tail had something to do with the new method of sending dispatches. Perhaps she had been carrying a letter after all. At any rate, he must take the bird to headquarters.

He asked the guard who was pacing to and fro before the gate to bring him to General Trochu.

"And why should I take thee to General Trochu?" the guard demanded, roughly.

"I have been outside the *barrières*," replied Gervais, "and I wou'd tell the general of something I have seen."

The man grumbled angrily, but feared to take the responsibility of refusing the boy's demand; so Gervais was presently ushered into a room where several officers were grouped around a table strewn with maps and papers.

"It is useless to plan a sortie," said one, as Gervais was pushed into the room, "until we have heard from Gambetta."

The soldier saluted and begged pardon for the interruption. "But this child insisted on seeing Monsieur le General," he explained.

Embarrassed at finding so many where he had expected to see but one person, and frightened by the impatient glances cast upon him, poor Gervais began to stammer something about being "beyond the *barrières*—dandelions—pigeon shot." At the word "pigeon" the nearest of the officers snatched the bird that he was drawing from the bosom of his blouse, and no one paid any more attention to Gervais.

The young officer threw the dead bird upon the table and all the others bent their heads over it while he drew his fingers backward along the feathers of its tail until they came upon the thread that Gervais had discovered; this he cut and disengaged the feather; then—very cautiously—with the point of his knife blade, he split the quill and removed from it a slender roll, no thicker than a straw. As the little roll appeared the anxious, watching faces lighted up with satisfaction, and the silence was broken by an "Ah!" that expressed their relief.

The officer who held the roll laid it upon a sheet of white paper and after a few seconds of careful manipulation spread out a small sheet of an extremely thin material that seemed to be covered with writing.

"It is impossible to read it until it has been enlarged," he said, examining it with a magnifying glass; "but it is genuine; it has not been meddled with; it is signed—yes—surely, it is from Gambetta. It is doubtless the dispatch for which we are waiting, Monsieur le General."

Then, turning to Gervais, he said: "Thou hast done a good work today. How didst thou come by the bird?"

Gervais had recovered from his fright

and told his story clearly. When he came to speak of the tall German officer who had been kind to him, one of the listening group interrupted him to ask what uniform the officer wore. Gervais described the uniform.

"How did the others address him?" a young Frenchman demanded.

"They called him 'your Highness,'" Gervais replied.

The officers looked at each other scowling and muttering curses, and one exclaimed:

"Had he but come within range for our sharp-shooters!" But Gervais was glad he had not.

"Thou art a wise boy, and hast served Paris well; and so has thy pigeon," said one of the officers, kindly, which encouraged Gervais to ask:

"May—may I have the pigeon?"

"A pigeon is a dainty morsel, nowadays," said a young captain.

"That is true; and the little fellow has earned the right to enjoy it," replied the general, ignoring the hint. "Take it, my boy."

Gervais ran home, hugging the pigeon that he had hidden in his blouse, lest some bigger boy who might also consider it a "dainty morsel" should pounce upon it.

"Where hast thou been all these hours?" asked his mother. "I feared some harm had come to thee."

He began to tell his story, at the same time drawing the pigeon from his bosom. At sight of it his mother's eyes lighted up with joy. She heard no more of the story.

"Is it good?" she cried, eagerly seizing and examining it. "Thou didst see it shot? Ah, what a blessing! It is plump—like a roll of butter! I will stew it and the dandelions will answer for sorrel. There will be but two bites for each of us, but even that is much when one has not tasted meat for so long."

"But, Maman!" gasped Gervais. "But, Maman! It is Susette!"

"And what of that? What ails thee?" she asked, sharply.

"Wouldst thou—wouldst thou—*eat* Susette?"

"And why not?" she demanded, indignantly. "What wouldst thou do?"

"I brought her home to—to bury her," he sobbed.

"To *bury* her," shrieked his mother. "Bury a whole pigeon! Listen to him! A pigeon but two hours dead. Bury it in these days of famine! O, thou wasteful boy! Thou cruel boy, who wouldst take the food out of the mouths of thy mother and thy sick sister. Shame on thee!"

Poor Gervais fairly shrivelled under his mother's fierce denunciation. But his mother must be right. So he only said:

"Very well, Maman; do as thou wilt. It is all for thee and Madeleine. I want none of it. I am not—very hungry—now."

Gervais was amusing Madeleine with a description of the beautiful green country he had seen that morning, when his mother stepped into the compartment of the railway carriage where they sat, her face beaming with anticipation.

"It is something like having dinner today," she said, setting down the dish she carried. The little invalid's face brightened at sight of the tempting food; but when Gervais saw the small brown heap, encircled by a wreath of stewed greens, his eyes grew suddenly hot and something strangled him. Taking his share of black bread, he said:

"I will eat my dinner outside," and sat down on the step a good way from the door; but as he munched his dry bread, he hoped his mother would think to leave a little of the stewed greens on the dish for him. He was so hungry. But not hungry enough to eat Susette!

. . . . . .

The war was over. The last battle had been fought. Paris had capitulated. The Germans had entered the city, marched down the Avenue de la Grande Armée, under the Arc de Triomphe and encamped in the Champs Elysées. The victorious army withdrew after two days of occupation; word was received from the neighboring villages that it was safe for the peasants to return to their homes, and Gervais's mother gladly led her children back to their cottage and their garden.

Worse calamities than those they had witnessed befell unhappy Paris, but they heard only rumors of the terrors of the Commune. They were leading the old peaceful, busy life when—one joyfu day—the father returned from captivity, and the parents thanked God that, after passing through such perils, the dear circle remained unbroken.

"There are not many soldiers' families, my children," said the father, "that are reunited now, without missing a single member."

"Papa forgets Susette," thought Gervais.

Not His the Silence

O you whose doubt I know, whose pain I share,
Who cry into the night if God be there,
And wait, and listen, till the darkness seems
As empty and as meaningless as dreams!
Across my soul-dark shines one ray of light,
A silver star upon the void of night.
If there be comfort in it, take the thought:

Through countless years an Unknown Worker wrought,
Till lo! we see the sunrise, hear the wind,
Awake, rejoice, and guess a God behind!
Long ages more the Laborer will need
To give us soul-eyes that we see indeed;
Long ages more before our dullard ears
Shall catch the music of the quiring spheres.

Be still, O crying souls! I think he hears
The bitter falling of our midnight tears;
Yearns pitiful above the infant, Man;
Awaits the patient progress of his plan
Within the soul that now in anguish cowers.
Not his the silence, but the deafness ours.
—*Marian Warner Wildman, in The Century.*

Womanly Virtues

"To be womanly?" repeated Laura. "Why, I don't know, honey. It's to be kind and well-bred and gentle mostly, and never to be bold or conspicuous; and to love one's home and take care of it, and to love and believe in one's husband—or parents, or children, or even one's sister—above any one else in the world."—*From Norris's The Pit.*

"It is strange," thought Anna, as she crept into bed, "how traveling brings out one's worst passions."—*From The Benefactress.*

Closet and Altar

SELF-COMMITTAL

Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

Glad, grateful, single-minded worship of the All-Father revealed in Jesus Christ; the self-committal of ourselves to the ideal of which our blessed Lord is the expression, is a primary necessity for all great Christian advance.—*R. J. Campbell.*

The next revival of religion will stand, I have no doubt, for the recovery of personality. Religion will call men back to its service, and will accept nothing in place of themselves. One cannot give money or anything else with the same passion with which he gives himself. All other forms of consecration are secondary—valuable, but secondary.—*William J. Tucker.*

A religion whose root is in self will bear only the fruits of self-glorying.—*A. J. Gordon.*

O Lord, in me fulfill
Whatever is Thy will;
To Thee I now resign
Myself, and all that's mine;
Thine, only Thine I'll be
And live alone to Thee.

Each day unto my heart
New life and grace impart;
For without fresh supply
I languish, droop and die;
Continually I've need
By faith on thee to feed.
—*Moravian Hymnal.*

Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.—*Richard Crashaw.*

Imperfect discipleship means coldness of love. To speak of cold love is much like speaking of cold fire, and the very difficulty of giving expression to the idea shows how unnatural it is.—*William L. Watkinson.*

I can only say that the true part of a man, in relation to God, seems to me to be, to give all that is claimed, and claim nothing that is not given. And I profoundly believe that whoever will cheerfully surrender himself to the daily duty and the prayer of faith, will not long be left in the shadows, but will emerge into a light which he knows to be divine.—*James Martineau.*

Give us, O God, our own true place and work on earth. Listen not to our vain wish that leans so quickly to presumption, but give according to Thine own wise thought and love. Choose not too large a place, lest we be brought to shame before Thee. Give not too small a place, lest we fail in that full measure of service which is due. Choose Thou! and fit us to the work which Thou shalt choose. Help us to have large ambitions of fidelity and minds at peace in faith. May we enjoy our work, knowing that strength and wisdom are of Thee and that Thou rejoicest in Thy children's joy. And may this life, spent in the way of Thine appointment, fit us for that place which Christ our Lord has gone to prepare. Amen.

A Children's Church

By Rev. William H. Walker, Ph. D., Ada, Mich.

The subject of the religious education of children has come to the front, and we shall see a variety of experiments in that line. A principle asserted at the late Chicago convention was that the problem is not merely that of storing the child's mind with religious truth, but of developing the entire religious nature in normal relations to his whole life. Religion is not mere confession, it is action. "Faith without works is dead." Difficult as is the problem of a suitable curriculum for the Bible school, it is far simpler than that of providing a suitable sphere for youthful religious activity. Moreover, there is the fatal break at adolescence between the life of the child and that of the adult. There is larger loss to our churches here than at any other point. We now seem to be sedulously educating our children out of the church under the forms of religion. How shall we bridge the chasm and minimize casualties in transit?

Here is an experiment: Scene, one of Michigan's staid and strong old churches of honorable reputation. Hour, just at dusk on the Lord's Day. The church is thronged with children, with a sprinkling of interested adults. There is a lantern screen at the side of the pulpit. As the bell ceases tolling, the organ strikes up "Onward, Christian soldiers," and twenty boys and girls in surplices and mortar-boards come down the aisle singing the hymn, and mount to the choir loft. The service is an ordinary church service, only a little briefer, brighter and less formal. The pastor conducts it, and his sermon is illustrated by the stereopticon. The theme is, The Manliness of the Christian Life. It is not a "sissy" thing to be a church member and a Christian worker. Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt serve as illustrations, with Jay Gould and John L. Sullivan as foils. The service is over in an hour, closing with a recessional in which the choir really recedes.

What is it all about? An interview with the pastor, Rev. A. B. Curtis, will explain. "We had a Junior Endeavor Society, of which Mrs. Curtis had charge. It outgrew its possibilities as an Endeavor Society, and we felt the need of something more permanent. Mrs. Curtis, when studying in Chicago last fall, learned of the children's church which Prof. Graham Taylor has organized in connection with Tabernacle Church. It seemed just the thing, so we organized our Junior Endeavor Society into a children's church. However, our plan is not exactly the same as Professor Taylor's. He had to deal with street children who came into the evening service for the sake of the warmth, to the annoyance of adult attendants. Here, we are dealing with the children largely of Christian homes. There, it was a matter of giving elementary religious instruction to children who have been entirely neglected. Here, we are trying to attach our own children to the church."

"How are you organized?"

"Just as a Congregational church. We have our deacons and deaconesses, our clerk and treasurer, only the pastor of the children's church is the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Greenville, and the pastor's wife is the assistant pastor. Any child of Greenville between the ages of seven and sixteen can be received into membership on showing a desire to lead a Christian life. All candidates for membership must be passed upon by the executive committee and approved by the Board of Control, which is the executive committee of the big church. As the members reach sixteen, letters will be given them to any church that they choose, provided they have shown themselves worthy of them. The children's church raises its own funds, and has voted to rent two pews in the church for the use of its members, thus contributing to the support of the big church."

"Do you believe in the 'calamity of conversion' as it has been called?"

"Yes, if the calamity has gone before which renders conversion necessary. But we aim to remove its necessity by removing the chances of that preceding calamity. We want to prevent children from ever becoming alienated from God and the church."

"How many have you on your roll?"

"We started with fifteen applications for membership Dec. 21, 1902, and had at Easter 107. These are only applications as yet, for the church has not been formally recognized. We expect to call a council to recognize it as a children's church."

"Do you recognize any effects in character as yet?"

"Yes, very plainly. The children take a new pride in the church and are not ashamed of being known as Christians. There was ——. Before the children's church was organized he was beginning to say, 'O, the church is no good! It is a "sissy" affair.' Now he feels that he belongs to it and has an interest in it."

"What effect does it have on the relation of the children to the big church?"

'Good. Some of the members of the children's church were already members of the big church, and others are ready to be transferred at the next communion. Many children attend both services."

It should be added that a number of the children come from other churches. A Children's Church Postal Telegraph Company has been organized, with a full service of messengers to carry a telegraphic invitation to the services of the children's church to every child in Greenville open to such an invitation. The evening service follows closely upon that of the children's church, and the children's surpliced choir takes part in that also.

Here are the resolutions of the members of the children's church:

I will go to church, rain or shine.
I will bring some one with me when I can.
I will do my best to be polite to all and to get acquainted.
I will not speak evil of my friends or do them harm in any way.
I will not feel myself to be better than others or be jealous of them.
I will speak a good word for my church and for religion at every opportunity.
I will stand by the pastor and officers of the church.
I will give something every month towards the support of the church.
I will strive in every way I know to live a Christian life.

I wonder what chance these resolutions would have of serious adoption in most churches composed of members of a larger growth. And, by the way, would not the task of many a pastor be lightened, and the future of many a church brightened, if the deacons, deaconesses, choir, and leaders of the Ladies' Aid Society and the missionary societies had had a little preliminary training in a children's church? Perhaps they would get some of the small-boyishness worked out of them which too often survives to vex the peace of Zion.

Of course the real test of the experiment will come with years. Will it bridge the gulf between childhood and manhood religion? Will it remove the hiatus between the Sunday school and the church? Has it staying qualities? And then comes the question, How many pastors have Mr. Curtis's skill in winning and holding boys and girls, and wives who can support them as Mrs. Curtis has done? Here may be an additional argument for the assistant pastorate.

Reduced Prices on Suits and Skirts.

SINCE the announcement of our reduced price sale a few weeks ago, several hundred pieces of goods have been closed out. There is still a rich assortment, but you must act quickly if you wish to take advantage of this sale. Suits and Skirts, made to order (nothing ready-made) at *one-third reduction from our catalogue prices*; perfect in style, shape and workmanship.

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$12 Suits reduced to $8.
$15 Suits reduced to $10.
$20 Suits reduced to $13.34.
$25 Suits reduced to $16.67.
$30 Suits reduced to $20.
Rainy-Day, Walking and Dressy Skirts in the newest models, $3.34, former price $5.
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$7.50 Skirts reduced to $5.
$10 Skirts reduced to $6 67. $12 Skirts reduced to $8.
Reduced prices on Jackets, Traveling Dresses, etc.

All letters of inquiry are answered by women fashion experts, who are in a position to make many helpful suggestions in the way of styles or combinations to suit the taste or figure of those who do not wish to rely solely on their own judgment. Orders are filled with the greatest promptness, very often in three days' time.

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The Literature of the Day

The Sacraments in the New Testament*

A course of lectures delivered last winter in Glasgow College on the Kerr foundation is here given us in permanent form. The author attempts to find the mind of Christ, and thus meet two tendencies that are becoming most influential—the Ritualistic overestimation and the higher critic's underestimation of the sacraments. The unreasonableness of the *lux mundi* circle of writers is in first making the sacramental principle as wide as the universe, including in its sweep music and art, all relations of nature to spirit, and then making it so high and narrow as to unchurch all Christians who do not stand in a fixed line. The challenge of the institutional authority of the ordinances coming from the direction of critical scholarship is met by a fair and skillful discussion of the canonicity and historicity of the sources. Some interesting implications from the views of Wendt and Harnack on the Johannine problem are delicately set forth. No ground is found for the view that Paul transformed the primitive doctrine of baptism, but his figurative references to the rite only show that its validity does not depend on its mode. Paul's doctrine of the Supper harmonizes with Jesus' original intention, and John does not carry the doctrine beyond the Pauline standpoint, for all who have any regard for historical considerations must reject the views of both the High Churchmen and advanced critics on the passage on the Bread of Life. The work is a model of conservative scholarship and a helpful means of putting any one into sympathetic relation with the subjects treated.

A Study of Browning

It was a happy choice which put the Browning volume† of the English Men of Letters series into the hands of Mr. Chesterton. It is the story of a modern by a modern; of the most individual, not to say willful, of the greater English poets by one who is not only a sound critic but who has a welcome for willful individualities and a delighted mind in the observation of the ways of the world. We have not seen recently a more delightful study of character and poetic attainment. The author carries the interest and usually the judgment of the reader with him to the end.

Two points will especially interest our readers in connection with the work of Browning—the questions of his obscurity of style and of his thought upon the matters of religion. For the first Mr. Chesterton suggests quite simply, but sufficiently, that Browning's defects of lucidity come from his taking for granted that the reader is as much possessor of his knowledge as himself and can leap with him across a dozen steps of the progress of thought to come sooner to the conclusion. The style is the man. If Browning is obscure, it is a defect of his quality and he wrote as he deliberately chose to write. He calls attention in this connection to the wide range of his experiment and invention in metrical form, which not only proves the fresh interest with which he worked, but has enriched the language with new models of literary form.

On the question of religion the biographer is neither so full nor so frank. Browning—both the Brownings, in fact—stand with Milton as products of the life of the British Free Churches. Browning was an Independent and served as a church officer in the independent church of Florence. He was not a preacher, yet it is only by knowledge of the true thought of the Free Churches that his point of view can be understood. In justice to the greatest of the modern English poets this should have been fully stated.

The turning point of Browning's otherwise uneventful life his biographer finds, rightly we think, in his assumption of the responsibility of carrying off an invalid—a hopeless invalid, as her family believed—to be his wife against her father's will and without his knowledge. The experiment succeeded, but what must the effect upon Browning's own mind and upon his reputation have been if it had failed? A man could hardly consider the difficulties and possibilities and yet decide to act in such strange circumstances without marked effects upon mind and heart.

RELIGION

Spiritual Power at Work, by George Henry Hubbard. pp. 343. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

An honest and comprehensive view of our Christian forces, machinery and work. The dynamics of prayer, preaching and song, social cleansing and popular education are treated as "spiritual by-products." The unity of missions, foreign and home, is emphasized. After the supreme reason of loyalty is presented, the secondary reasons for missions are well stated. The writer points out that the tone of the nineteenth century was interrogative, much the attitude of the disciples at the foot of the Mount of Transfiguration. The twentieth century will bring a new attitude toward material possessions.

Earthly Discords and how to Heal Them, by Malcolm J. McLeod. pp. 216. F. H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.

A volume of sensible, earnest and striking sermons. Without assenting to the publishers' extravagant praise of the writer as a combination of the best qualities of Robertson, Spurgeon, Maclaren, Parker and Beecher, one must give his work hearty commendation as an illustration of strong homiletic ability and as a message for the times which ought to be driven home by every possible means to men's hearts.

The First and Second Books of the Maccabees, edited by W. Fairweather. pp. 188. J. B. Lippincott Co. 60 cents net.

These and the other books of the Apocrypha should be part of the library of the Bible student. Comparison of them with the accepted historical books of the Bible is exceedingly instructive.

The Joyful Life, by Margaret E. Sangster. pp. 218. Am. Tract Soc. $1.00.

Helpful and inspiring talks on themes of faith and the conduct of life, beautifully printed and with pretty ornamental borders to the pages. Mrs. Sangster's contribution to the bettering of life and to Christian cheer finds a good example in this book.

More Bible Stories without Names, by Rev. Harry Smith. pp. 192. F. H. Revell Co., New York. 75 cents.

Stories from the Old and New Testaments told without names of persons or places, intended to stimulate the curiosity of readers to find in the Bible who is meant and where the events occurred which are narrated. They are well suited to their purpose—to instruct and entertain children on Sunday afternoons.

FICTION

Cap'n Simeon's Store, by George S. Wasson. pp. 287. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

These stories of sea and shore are supposed to be spun by fishermen and coasters sitting evenings in a country store. They have the salt sea flavor, in the genuine dialect of the Massachusetts coast, and combine the shrewd sense, superstition and unconscious humor of New England sea captains. Most of these yarns have appeared in the *Century*, *Harper's* and other magazines.

Castle Omeragh, by F. Frankfort Moore. pp. 404. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

There is plenty of adventure and not a little mysticism in this Irish story. The hero, who goes to Boston to preach the doctrines of George Fox and is promptly shipped home again, proves to be the best fighter of all. The scene is the wild west of Ireland, the time that of Cromwell's subduing of the land; and Cromwell himself is pictured, though with involuntary respect, as a monster of cruelty. It is a spirited story with not a little humor and insight, and is free from the worst faults of the historical school.

The Bishop, by Cyrus Townsend Brady. pp. 304. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

Fifteen short tales, depicting scenes in the days when we had a genuine frontier. They are grouped around the part played by an Episcopalian missionary in the "winning of the West." They abound in "hold-ups," desperadoes, savages, gambling-hells, "Judge Lynch's courts." They are not, however, wholly sensational, and the preservation of a certain key throughout enables one to extract from the pages much hope for the higher life in the roughest parts of the nation. Perhaps the best sketch is a romance of the navy, which is a real contribution to the literature of the Civil War.

A Social Cockatrice, by F. W. Eldridge. pp. 412. Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.

A thoroughly disagreeable story of heartless ambition. The heroine is a moral degenerate in whom the desire for social leadership has taken the place of all worthy and natural sentiments and passions.

The Mystery of Murray Davenport, by Robert Neilson Stephens. pp. 312. L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

An interesting and highly improbable account of the disappearance and discovery of a man who seemed the victim of bad luck. Pleasing amusement for an idle hour.

An Adventurous Quest, by Laura S. Copenhaver. pp. 405. Lutheran Publication Society. $1.25.

A college course with its pleasures and temptations is entertainingly described and with a high Christian purpose. There is good variety of character, and the book, if not in the highest style of art, will prove both interesting and helpful to young people.

PHILOSOPHY

The Pathway to Reality, by Rt. Hon. Richard Burton Haldane, LL. D. pp. 316. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00 net.

Although prophesying the ascendency of American speculative thought, this book is really a criticism of Professor James's Gifford lectures, indirectly indicating his failure in estimating spiritual and metaphysical values. It gives us an independent rethinking along the lines laid down by Aristotle and his first great interpreter, Hegel; a genuine re-examination of the old problems of philosophical criticism and construction. It is the author's contention that modern psychology has a limited standpoint, the events of a single soul considered merely as events that happen. This is only the borderland of the region in which we have to seek for reality.

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* The Sacraments in the New Testament. The Kerr Lectures for 1903, by Rev. John C. Lambert. pp. 430. Chas. Scribner's Sons. Imported. $3.50 net.

† Robert Browning, by G. K. Chesterton. pp. 207. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

Metaphysical study alone can show us that the ultimate nature of reality is this everyday world molded by an all-embracing intelligence. With this inner or essential teleology, this truth of the world as a self-realizing idea, Dr. Haldane keeps his predecessor within the range of his guns throughout.

Experimental Psychology and Culture, by George Malcolm Stratton, Ph.D. pp. 331. Macmillan Co. $2.00.

The author leads us through laboratory psychology, aids us to investigate facts of mind with brass instruments, and yet convinces us that our studies all have spiritual implications. He shows us that he has simply pointed out a better way of doing what men have always done with their eyes and memory, and that the new method is no mysterious device of materialism. The respective merits of the two theories of parallelism and interactionism are discussed, and the admission made that the acceptance of either doctrine is premature. The writer by his illustrations in the psychic field has succeeded in bringing his argument clearly within the reach of all.

The Basis of Morality, by Arthur Schopenhauer, translated by Arthur B. Bullock. pp. 285. Macmillan Co. $1.25.

An adequate translation of the German's prize essay of 1840, with an introduction by the Cambridge professor. It is really a magnifying glass for Kant, his doctrine of freedom being accepted, although his doctrine of conscience is refuted. The imagery and irony of the original is exceptionally well reproduced in English prose.

Why the Mind has a Body, by Prof. C. A. Strong. pp 355. Macmillan Co. $2.50.

The real contribution of this book is in its second part where the author works out in detail the metaphysical premises of his ultimate theory of why mind and body are connected at all, resting them on the triangular contest which he has surveyed in the opening chapters. His theory is genuinely monistic, holding to the organic nature of thought. Consciousness is not a by-product of physical evolution. The universe in all its parts is mental in nature. All individual minds together constitute a single system whose continuity and order are symbolized by the continuity and order of the physical world.

The World and the Logos, by Hugh Miller Thompson, LL. D. pp. 82. Thos. Whitaker. 75 cents.

A third edition.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Workingman and Social Problems, by Charles Stelzle. pp. 166. F. H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.

Written out of the experience of a mechanic educated by the public library into an East Side pastor. It wins the reader's confidence by its grasp of actual conditions, and corrects many misconceptions. Life among the tenement dwellers is not lacking in romance. Most substitutes for the saloon leave out the question of the workingman's human nature. The class spirit is being modified by appointment of social secretaries. The attitude toward the church is changing significantly. The author has brought out many hopeful signs.

The Oldest Code of Laws in the World, by C. H. W. Johns. pp. 88. Chas. Scribner's Sons. Imported. 75 cents net.

A translation of the recently recovered code of laws of King Hammurabi (Amraphel) which dates back to the time of Abraham and was the foundation of the later codes of the Euphrates Valley empires. The reader will note interesting points of similarity and difference in comparing it with the laws of the Hebrews. There is a good index; for needed elucidations of some obscure passages we must look to later editions.

The Art of Living Long, a new and improved English version of the treatise of Louis Cornaro. pp. 214. Wm. F. Butler, Milwaukee.

A collection of four discourses of Louis Cornaro, the Venetian gentleman, on The Temperate Life, with sketches of the Cornaro family. Louis Cornaro lived to a great age and recorded the reasons why, as he believed, his life was prolonged. Essays on the same subject are added, by Addison, Bacon and Sir William Temple.

The American Standard Bookkeeping, High School Edition, by C. C. Curtiss. pp. 192. Am. Book Co. $1.00.

Youth of Famous Americans, by Rev. Louis A. Banks. pp. 302. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.

Readable sketches of the early years of well-known public characters which young and old will enjoy. Dr. Banks has a pleasant, flowing style and only occasionally lets his rhetoric run away with him—as in his account of Mrs. Stowe, who "plucked gorgeous lilies and blazing poppies and the blue cornflower in the hayfield in the quivering heart of June." From that sentence one must gather that Dr. Banks is ignorant of botany and has never seen an American hayfield in June.

Aphorisms, by Ivan Panin. Alfred Bartlett, Boston.

Sententious glimpses or statements, often of commonplace truth or fact, or sometimes of misunderstanding. The religious sentences are best, the literary judgments amusingly astray.

Book Chat

A biography of the late Dean Farrar is being prepared by his son, and is soon to be published.

The author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden will issue in the fall a book called A Journey Round Rugen.

Of course Lady Rose's Daughter is to be dramatized. It is said that Miss Barrymore may take the part of Julie le Breton.

A volume of sermons preached by the lamented Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, will be issued soon.

James Lane Allen has changed the title of his forthcoming novel from Crypts of the Heart to The Mettle of the Pasture, which is certainly more cheerful.

The biography of the late John Fiske, compiled partly from his documents and letters, and with many illustrations, is among the interesting books in preparation.

A Chicago bookseller believes that a copy of the Oxford Bible now owned by him once belonged to Queen Elizabeth. The signature which it contains is generally accepted as genuine.

An antique volume, the Nuremberg Chronicles, has just crossed the water to be added to a private Chicago library. It was printed in 1493, and tells of the discovery of America as an item of news.

The Queen's Quair, Maurice Hewlett's new romance, is to be published serially before appearing in book form. "Quair" Mr. Hewlett explains means a little book, and the Queen is the tragic Mary of Scots.

London follows the example of Paris and now issues a half-penny daily paper for women. It is odd that one has not appeared before this time in the United States, which prides itself on its advanced ideas for women.

In the wake of the great Wesley celebration, June 28, will come Quiller-Couch's novel, Hetty Wesley, said to be practically a life of Wesley under the guise of fiction. The Macmillan Company announces its publication in the early fall.

After an absence of twenty-five years, Henry James is returning to the United States for a long stay, with the intention of writing afterwards of his experiences and impressions of the country. Let us hope it will be more flattering than Daisy Miller.

The King of Italy has presented President Roosevelt with a sumptuous copy of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and twenty volumes of the war reports of Prince Eugene of Savoy. On learning of Mr. Roosevelt's admiration for Prince Eugene, King Victor Emanuel immediately began preparations for sending the gift.

In the production of nine popular novels, of which 1,600,000 copies were sold, a statistician estimates that 2,000,000 pounds of paper were employed. The paper is made from wood pulp, and as one spruce tree yields about 500 pounds of paper, these nine novels destroyed 4,000 trees. Were they worth the sacrifice?

The generous firm of Ginn & Co. presents, gratis, to the visiting members of the National Education Association, a souvenir Boston Guide-Book prepared for this purpose by the well known authority, Mr. Edwin M. Bacon. It is noteworthy for its fine presswork and total absence of advertising. A popular edition may be purchased by the public at large.

Americans who are having the opportunity to hear one of England's great preachers will be interested in City Temple Sermons, by R. J. Campbell, soon to be issued by the Revells. This is the first of a series to be called The International Pulpit. Among others who will contribute volumes are W. L. Watkinson, J. W. Dawson, N. D. Hillis and G. C. Lorimer.

Henry Harland, author of The Cardinal's Snuff Box, must like his native country better than he thought, for, after eleven years in England and his favorite Italy, during which he looked askance at New England's erratic climate, he finally decided to visit us last winter, and now, undiscouraged by his first trip, will soon be here again. It's pretty hard to give up being an American.

Among the tempting books mentioned on the Scribners' "tentative list" for next fall are Senator Hoar's Autobiography, Sidney Lee's Lowell Lectures, a book by Professor Knox of Union Seminary, based on his Nathaniel Taylor lectures, entitled The Direct and Fundamental Proofs of the Christian Religion; and stories by Edith Wharton, W. W. Jacobs, John Fox and C. T. Brady.

An anarchist's library, stated to be the most complete in existence, has just been purchased by Columbia University for a nominal sum. It consists of books, pamphlets, newspapers, broadsides and photographs and autograph letters of notorious anarchists of all countries. A document of especial interest is a death warrant, informing the inner circle of the proposed assassination of President Carnot of France.

The Boston Public Library offers a long list of books, other than fiction, which may be taken for the three summer months, thus giving not only those who sojourn in the country, but those who stay at home, the privilege of a leisurely examination of books in active demand in the winter months. Progressive libraries are realizing that their first aim should be not collection but the wide circulation of books.

People are talking of an Irish literary revival. The Irish poet, W. B. Yeats, better known in his own country and England than in America, is brought to our notice by three books recently published by the Macmillan Company, who announce a fourth to appear soon. This last is a collection of poems, and the former are volumes of essays and an Irish play. His sister has started the Dun Emer Press in Dublin, after the plan of the Kelmscott work, doing her own printing on pure Irish linen paper. Her first book will be Mr. Yeats's In the Seven Woods, the poems above referred to.

XUM

An Experiment in the New*

By Rev. A. E. Dunning

Men advance in knowledge and power by making trials. So do governments. They do not exempt themselves from this law by placing themselves consciously under the guidance of God. His providence is a process of training. Men misread the Bible who find it teaching them that by trusting Him they are at once freed from experiments and failures. It is through these, not through immunity from them that God leads men and nations to success. The Israelites were borne along by the law of inward growth and the pressure of outward conditions from the period of the judges to that of the monarchy. The writer of their history sees in the way they proceeded, a rejection of God. We may not question that judgment, but to have remained as they were would have been to court failure. They learned how to live by experiments that ripened into experience. We have to learn in the same school. Their experiments in changing their government shows us:

1. *An imperfect beginning.* "Ye have this day rejected your God," said Samuel, the judge; "Now therefore present yourselves before God" and choose your king. They did it by lot. Thus they made the choice their own, yet threw the responsibility on God. We have outgrown that method. Imagine a gathering of representatives of states of the Union, and the state which drew the lot drawing one of its counties by lot, and so on down through the town and the family to the individual. In the judgment of American citizens that method would appear to be far less under the guidance of God than the intelligent selection of candidates by chosen men of different political parties and the election of one of them by ballot. But the lower method had to prevail through many centuries that we might know a better way of government. And the process was a school in which God was the teacher.

2. *A primitive reason for confidence.* When the man on whom the lot had fallen had been brought out from his hiding place, the old leader pointed as proof that he was God's choice to the fact that he was the tallest, handsomest man among them. The people accepted the evidence, and shouted, "Long live the king." But when the experiment had failed and the old judge was about to choose another man for the same reason, the thought came to him from God—"Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature." The first experiment had taught him something, and the people would learn it, too. It was "that man looketh on the outward appearance, but Jehovah looketh on the heart." That was a lesson they could not have received merely by a communication in words from God. They had to learn it through experience with Saul.

3. *A fragmentary law.* Samuel had told the people the manner of a king, and his statement has been preserved to us [1 Samuel 8: 11-18]. It was far from ideal, far below what has been realized by kings since then. He told them, also, the manner of the kingdom, the law by which it should be governed. What that law was we do not know. The record says it was written in a book. But we know by the history of the people who lived under it that it was lacking in many ways. It had to be. Law is no less the fruit of human experience than it is the utterance of the will of God. Even the Ten Commandments are far behind the Sermon on the Mount.

4 *Assurance of successful inauguration of the new government on partial grounds.* The new king bore himself well. He met in silence the challenge of worthless fellows who refused to acknowledge his authority. He proved his title by organizing an army and winning a magnificent victory over the Ammonites. He made his title good by refusing to take revenge on those who had treated him with contempt. So the judge and the people crowned him at Gilgal with solemn ceremonies and with great rejoicings. But the experiment had only just begun. The real test came, not by measuring his self-restraint, nor his skill in organizing an army nor his bravery in battle, but through his choice between obeying the command of God and pleasing himself and his people. Then the choice of the people was shown to be a mistaken choice. The writer of the record expresses it even to the extent of saying that Samuel was angry and that God declared himself disappointed in Saul.

The important fact which appears in the story is that the way of government had to be learned by the nation through experiment. God was in it, though it turned out badly for the time. He shared the disappointment of his people. He had been patient with their impatience when they wanted a king. He was patient with their disappointment when they found that their king was not what they had expected that God would give them.

We are each learning self-government through experiments: and when some of these disappoint us in their results, and we reproach ourselves for failure, almost ready to give up hope, God is encouraging us and opening the way for us to try again. It is true now as always that "through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God." But if we go through the tribulations with eyes fixed on God we shall get into his kingdom. The vision of those who have come through is one of the most glorious in the Bible and it is surely to be realized [Rev. 7: 14].

Our nation is making experiments, is taking up new burdens and the government of peoples alien to us by blood and traditions. Some good men see in every mistake and failure sufficient evidence that the nation is going to ruin, and reason for pleading that the country shall try to retrace its steps and get back into the former times and ways. This story of Israel's first choice of a king may help to assure us that though we seem to some to have rejected God he has not deserted us, but that he is leading us through experiment into experience which will enable us to do well the tasks that must be done and that he seems to have appointed us to do for mankind.

* International Sunday School Lesson for July 12. Saul Chosen King. 1 Sam. 10: 17—11: 14.

A Sabbath on the Equator

BY REV. E. E. STRONG, D. D.

Member of the American Board Deputation to Africa

Not that we saw that remarkable line which in our earliest school days we supposed was distinctly visible by any who traveled so far and were bold enough to cross it. Indeed, we were not actually upon it, though the captain said we were near it, when the sun rose upon as beautiful a morning as it ever looked upon since it shone through the mists of primeval chaos. We had been sailing for over a week upon one of the more than fifty "castles" which a canny Scotch company sends, week by week, from London to South Africa. The sea was smooth and the sky cloudless, but the fresh breeze, which had been blowing since we entered the tropics, tempered the heat so that the air was delicious. Though the surroundings were unusual, the whole scene was inspiring, and the thought that "the sea is his, and he made it," gave a new call to praise and prayer.

As on all British steamers, the practice on the "castle line" fleet is to use the English Church service; and if there is no clergyman of that church present, then the captain or one of the officers reads the prescribed ritual, omitting such portions as are deemed appropriate only for the "priest." But our captain, suffering from a cold, asked help from one of the several ministers not of the Established Church who were present, and having coached him as to the order of lessons and psalms and collects (albeit he himself had to be told where the book of Numbers was), the whole service was conducted by a Congregational minister from Massachusetts who perhaps failed to catch all the points of the liturgy, but who did not fail to give the benediction as he has long given it among those who have regarded him as properly ordained. It should be said that the service was crowded, the responses were hearty and the singing really fine. For these Britishers know how to sing.

But the service of this equatorial Sabbath that is most worthy of mention was that of the evening. Through the kindness of the captain, the whole space of the deck about the main hatch was fitted up with benches and electric lights, and we were permitted to hold whatever kind of service we pleased. There must have been between four and five hundred persons present. A large portion of them being third-class passengers, of whom there are about 600 on board, most of them going as emigrants to South Africa. There are Swedes and Norwegians and Russians as well as English, a fine looking company of men and women taken altogether.

The service was polyglot, for after a hymn in English, the Norwegians sang very sweetly, with the aid of guitar and a flute, hymns which though in what to most of us was an unknown tongue, were manifestly Christian. Among our company there are eight missionaries of the French Evangelical Society who are on their way to their stations among the Barotse, on the Zambesi River, and they sang in French a stirring hymn of praise and devotion. Rev. Messrs. Wilder and Ransom and their wives, returning to their work in South Africa, sang in Zulu, and Mrs. Wilder moved all hearts by her rendering of the hymn, "Ye must be born again."

But the service was not all song. The Scriptures were read, with brief comments, and prayers were offered. Rev. Adolph Jalla spoke of the labors and results of their French mission among the Barotse, and Dr. Wilder gave some excellent counsels to those who were going to Africa, his own native land, urging them to care for something more than

their material gains, but to maintain a Christian character and to have an eye constantly towards the natives whom they might help to a better life.

The whole company listened with earnest attention and gave hearty responses, and we cannot help cherishing the hope that lasting impressions were made by this unique service.

An hour later, when all was quiet, we went to the upper deck and looking straight astern we saw the Northern Bear and the Dipper, and, close down to the horizon, the North Star. Then, facing about, we saw directly over our prow the beautiful Southern Cross. Only when well within the tropics can these heavenly bodies be seen at the same hour. The north and the south seemed to meet together, and the world in its two extremes was made one under the Sign of the Cross. The sight was one to make yet more memorable our Sabbath on the equator.

Mr. Swett's Retirement

The many friends of Mr. Charles E. Swett will regret to learn that he has resigned his position as purchasing and publishing agent of the American Board, to take effect July 1. He has been with the Board for seventeen years, and during this long period has become intimately acquainted with the several hundred missionaries of the Board, and won

many warm friends because of his constant attention to the many details of purchasing and forwarding to nearly every part of the globe, almost every article used in a home, school, or college.

During these many years Mr. Swett has rarely if ever been absent a day from his office on account of sickness and his face has, therefore, become very familiar to all at the Congregational House. He retires with the kindly regard of those who have known him best in his daily work, and all wish him success in whatever work he may decide to take up. We understand that Mr. Swett will enjoy a well earned rest during the summer at his home at Winchester, Mass., and that the Board will not at present appoint any one to fill his position.

Education

Beloit is to have a $50,000 library from Andrew Carnegie. One of the graduates, Miss Elizabeth Eaton, daughter of President Eaton, received the fine arts prize and divided with a classmate the prize awarded for the most excellent Commencement oration. Ground was broken for a $40,000 gymnasium.

Tabor College graduated thirteen students from the academy, eight from the college and nine from the conservatory of music. President Gordon, who has accepted the presidency of Howard University, Washington D. C, will remain at the helm a while. Tabor prides herself that four men called to college presidencies have been her sons—Todd of the University of South Dakota, McClelland of Knox, Hughes of Ripon and Gordon of Howard.

President Morley delivered the baccalaureate at Fargo, upon The Supremacy of the Spiritual. A class of ten graduated from the college; two from the Conservatory of Music; eleven from the preparatory department. Rev. G. S. Rollins delivered the Commencement address upon Practical Idealism. Rev. J. P. Kerr, Ph. D., spoke before the Christian Associations. Arrangements are being made to secure a music hall, as the department is crowded out of its present quarters.

Ripon had a successful Commencement. Professor Scott of Chicago Seminary addressed the students on the Conquering Power of Christianity. The Greek Deparment rendered a play in Greek before an audience filling the Opera House. The vacancy in the professorship of music has been filled by the appointment of Prof. F. F. Meier. Under President Hughes's administration buildings and equipment have been much improved during the past year. Alumni are loyally supporting him, and northern Wisconsin is feeling the effects of the college's prosperity and idealistic influence.

One of the unusual outward events at Amherst was the laying of the corner stone of a fine new observatory which is to realize the dreams of Prof. David P. Todd who had worked assiduously in behalf of it. The ceremonies in connection with its initiation were of a character befitting the undertaking. The retirement on account of severe physical prostration of Prof. H. Humphry Neill, for many years the head of the department of English literature, is greatly regretted and action was taken both by the faculty and the alumni. He will now be made professor *emeritus*. Many graduates owe to him the birth of their first literary impulses. He taught with an enthusiasm and insight not always found in the teachers of his generation and his personal loveableness re-enforced his work in the classroom and bound his pupils to him strongly. The death of the treasurer Joseph W. Fairbanks, on the day after Commencement, at the age of sixty-two, after a wearying illness, takes away a man who has rendered large and varied service in educational lines. For several years he was principal of Williston Seminary, Easthampton, and for the last seven years he has been the efficient treasurer of the college.

At Straight University, New Orleans, ten graduated from the normal and college preparatory, and two received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the theological department. The sermon before the religious societies, by Rev. H. H. Proctor of Atlanta, Ga., and his lecture on the Black Man's Burden, and the address of Rev. F. W. Sims of Memphis, Tenn., before the literary societies, were efforts of unusual merit. The development of the institution, in recent years, along practical lines has been noteworthy. The sewing department now includes millinery, and both are in great favor. A cooking department, added last year, has awakened great interest. The idea is to meet the great demand in the city, whose colored population is upwards of 80,000, and to prepare the girls for the duties of home and family life. To realize this aim, however, a girls' home is necessary. As the attendance is now about 750, the good which such a home can do can hardly be exaggerated. The trustees of the Slater Fund, appreciating this need, acting through the secretary, Dr. Buttrick, have just appropriated $500 toward this enterprise, on condition that an equal sum be raised by the university during the year. Any gifts, however small, will be greatly appreciated. Remittances may be made to Mr. E. C. Little.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Lee of Missouri, recently proved venal and forced to resign, now states that among other offenses he accepted large sums from the Sugar Trust and the Tobacco Trust for writing articles and pamphlets favorable to their interests.

Our Readers' Forum

The Disappointing Sunday School Editorial Association

I quite agree with the general tenor of your editorial in your issue of last week in regard to the meeting of the Sunday School Editorial Association at Clifton, June 18. I am aware that we have a large country that includes a large number of Bible school workers. Composed as they are of the various branches of the Christian Church, there must be a variance of ideas in regard to lessons taught. At the same time a large portion of workers in the Eastern section of the country, at least, feel the need of some change in our lessons, and they were much disappointed in the action of the convention at Denver in regard to this. With the approval that came from many sections of the country of the meeting held at Chicago definite action was expected of approval by the lesson editors and publishers when they met at Clifton. I cannot but feel that unless some such action is taken in regard to the matter of our lessons the time is not far distant when there will be a lack of confidence in the work of the international body, and with that lack of confidence will come a movement for improvement outside of that body. I should very much regret this, for I feel that the harmony of Christian workers is essential to its success. At the same time, with the knowledge and the light that are coming to all workers in spiritual matters, we cannot wait seven years to the end of the next course laid out for the international lessons for the improvement very much desired. The Bible school work for the last ten years has been in a line of constant improvement, but it seems to me, for the moment, it is blocked, and the opinion of some of our best and keenest workers is being ignored to an injurious extent. No man or set of men can block the work continuously, but they may do a great deal of damage for an intervening time.

I am extremely sorry to have to speak with such a pessimistic view, for I believe the country is ripe for optimism and encouragement, and the people are more and more ready for a broader and maturer view of things that pertain to Biblical and spiritual life.

CLINTON P. S. REMINGTON.

Fall River, Mass.

Not Now a Home Missionary

In *The Congregationalist* of June 20, the editors say of the writer of the article on Home Missions West and East, that "he is now the pastor of a home missionary church in New England." That is a mistake. The church of which I am now pastor is self-supporting. But it is surrounded by such home missionary communities as the article referred to describes, and the needs of which it is attempting in some measure to supply.

A. J. BAILEY.

Not Diminished in Numbers

Your issue of June 6 contains a statement concerning my old Church of the Unity in Boston and of Mr. Collyer's Unity Church in Chicago which is so wide of the fact that I know you would not willingly be responsible for the misstatement. When my old church property was sold about half of the church started a new organization on the edge of Brookline, so that the number of Unitarian churches in Boston was not decreased. My hearers came from widely-separated parts of Boston, and some of them naturally associated themselves with churches near their homes. Mr. Collyer's church has not disbanded, and they are, he tells me, to rebuild. Asking of your courtesy that you will make this correction, I am sincerely yours,

M. J. SAVAGE,

New York. *Church of the Messiah.*

XUM

Maine

Consulting State Editors: Rev. Messrs. C. D. Crane, Yarmouth; E. M. Cousins, Thomaston; E. R. Smith, Farmington; H. W. Kimball, Skowhegan.

A Church Problem

More and more it is becoming the custom of the various orders, secret and otherwise, to attend divine worship as a body, some Sunday in the year. Especially in the smaller places this is apt to interfere seriously with church work. To illustrate, in Norridgewock this spring for five successive Sundays various orders attended the Baptist church. The morning audience at the Congregational church, usually about a hundred, was diminished to about thirty. Not only this, but it is the custom for the orders after service to visit the cemetery and decorate the graves of their deceased members, thus breaking into the Sunday school hour. Next year the orders will attend the Congregational church, and the Baptists will suffer. No doubt any pastor is glad to have an order attend church; but is it wise to give up a service primarily for the worship of God for that which practically becomes the exalting of a human organization? Some churches hold these services in the afternoon. This is better, though it is an added strain on the strength of both preacher and people. If the orders would only come in the evening, it might help to solve the problem of the Sunday evening service.

Give the Laymen a Chance

Already our churches are beginning to think of the next state meeting, at Farmington. It is said that this is to be made a laymen's conference. This recalls a sentence of Dr. George A. Gordon's in his recent address in Boston, "The power of the laymen is the chief distinction in our order." Do we realize how far we fall short of that ideal in Maine? At the conference last year in Bath only eighteen laymen were present. It was a pitiful showing. Is there nothing in our conferences attractive to men? Or is it that they are not drawn to meetings which are for talking only? Whatever the reason, every church in the state ought to do its best to send a layman to Farmington. A larger lay element is the best remedy for shortcomings in our conferences.

The Coming State Conference

It meets at Farmington, Sept. 22-24, with the Old South Church. Twenty years have gone since the last meeting in Franklin's shire town, justly famed for its schools and natural beauty.

The program committee can present an attractive prospectus. The aim has been to touch the virile element of the churches. The Type of Life and Character Demanded by the Times will be discussed, largely by lay speakers, including men well known in legal, business and educational circles. Our Ministry to Young Men: What it is—What it ought to be, is another important topic. The Forward Movement will be given prominent place. President Woolley of Mt. Holyoke expects to give an address. Dr. Fenn of Portland will preach. The benevolences will be presented by unusually good speakers.

It is suggested that churches use their privilege of choosing one delegate to the meetings of the Maine Missionary Society and another to the conference. This arrangement permits each church to send its pastor and two members. The committee urges pastors to be at special pains to call early and frequent attention to this meeting. It is hoped to make it to an unusual degree a men's meeting. This, too, without infringing upon the time hitherto devoted to distinctively woman's work. That more laymen ought to attend is seen from a study of recent conferences. Last year at Bath the 145 delegates were divided thus: 103 ministers; twenty-four women; eighteen laymen.

Pastors should impress upon their strong laymen, of whom there are very many, the obligation to participate in this annual denominational meeting. E. R. S.

Pastoral Methods

The Gardiner pastor has been aiming to consolidate the entire work of the parish into three distinct departments: The Worship League; The Students' League; The Service League. The first includes all organized forms of activity in maintaining public worship. The second covers the Sunday school, various clubs and debating societies; the last embraces various guilds for practical work and sociability.

A GRADED SYSTEM OF BENEVOLENCE

A unique plan of giving is reported from the church in Waterville. The primary department studies and works for the Children's Home in Augusta. The intermediate girls' classes aid the Girls' Home in Belfast. The corresponding classes of boys concern themselves with Good Will Farm. The classes next above give to the Maine Missionary Society. The adult classes give to kindergartens and industrial schools in foreign lands. This plan has developed much interest and increased the giving of all the classes.

A YOUNG MEN'S CLUB IN THE AROOSTOOK

Fort Fairfield has a flourishing young men's club of sixty members. Forty of these belong to the senior department and the rest to the junior department, for boys under fourteen. A gymnasium has been equipped in the church attic. Literary exercises are conducted weekly. It is hoped to erect a clubhouse soon. The training of the pastor, Rev. D. L. Wilson, at Union Seminary and Columbia University, evidently has not unfitted him for dealing with Aroostook boys.

A MODERNIZED HALF SHEKEL

The Farmington Church for five years has requested of all its members, resident and non-resident, an annual membership offering to defray expenses incident to ecclesiastical fellowship, as distinct from congregational. The sum asked is hardly more than nominal, only a quarter dollar, which is a practical equivalent to the ancient temple tax which Jesus himself paid. Yet by this simple form of fellowship recognition many distant members have been able to show tangibly their interest, and there are reasons for thinking that they have had this interest quickened. S.

A UNIQUE CHILDREN'S DAY ARRANGEMENT

At the morning service in Island Avenue Church, Skowhegan, the people, on entering the church, found the smiling faces of children beaming down upon them. The pulpit furniture had been removed and the platform was filled with tiers of little children, shut in by a fence of flowers, while over them was the motto, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Embowered as the little ones were with plants and singing birds, it seemed like a glimpse of heaven indeed. In the organ loft in the rear was a chorus of twenty older children, and the two choruses, one in front and the other in the rear, singing in unison furnished the morning's music. H. W. K.

Summer Work in Home Mission Fields

Four new fields have presented themselves, and two, perhaps three, will be occupied this summer. They are interesting studies. All have been "burned over" at different times by more than one denomination, but now are left to go to waste. One comprising three townships, with nearly 900 people, seems to have been abandoned, though there are remnants of two organizations.

Probably twenty students will work this summer in different parts of the state. One will preach in three places every Sunday and several others in two each.

By special invitation of Secretary Hillman, General Missionary Hague spoke at the New Hampshire Association on work in a lumber region which lies partly in Maine and partly in New Hampshire. His reception was most cordial, and the churches of the sister state pledged their share of the cost of the work. C. H.

Comings and Goings in Portland

On June 17, the thirty-second anniversary of the installation of Rev. A. H. Wright as pastor of St. Lawrence Church, a council of dismissal concurred in the action of church and parish accepting Mr. Wright's resignation. Resolutions were adopted embodying warm appreciation of his work. Dr. J. A. Rondthaler, a Presbyterian minister of Chicago, was called to this pastorate, but, owing to pressure from his own church, has been obliged to decline.

Dr. Smith Baker, who is to speak at the Denver Convention, at the instance of his church will extend his trip by going on to California, thence north, returning by the Canadian Pacific.

Among supplies at Portland churches during the summer are Drs. Pleasant Hunter and A. P. Foster, D.D., at Williston; Dr. J. G. Merrill, former pastor, at Second Parish; Drs. Dewey of Brooklyn and Teunis Hamlin of Washington, Rev. J. H. Selden, Greenwich, Ct., and Drs. F. T. Bailey and J. L. Jenkins, former pastors, at State Street. A. F. E.

A College Center

The addition of seventeen church members made Children's Sunday memorable in the old church at Brunswick, Me. Of these, thirteen joined on confession, seven young sons of representative families, promising that new working force of which our country churches in particular are in so great need.

Rev. H. A. Jump, who began his pastoral duties March 1, proves a winning no less than earnest worker, bringing the novel element of youth into a parish which has known only mature leadership since Rev. G. E. Adams began his ministry of forty years long ago. It is believed that "the church on the hill" will, more than ever before, prove worthy of its unique opportunity as a religious center for college and town. Mr. Jump goes abroad for a few weeks, but will be in his place in September, after a rest well-earned by constant and difficult labors in his new position. M.

Resolutions Passed by Somerset Conference

At the annual meeting of the conference in Solon the following resolutions after earnest discussion were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we urge the various organizations conducting the missionary work of our denomination to carry out the recommendations of the National Council. We believe that the National Council is the voice of the Congregational churches of the country, and that it should be heeded by those organizations which look to the churches for their material and spiritual support.

Resolved, That we urge our state conference to appoint a committee which shall carefully consider plans by which a closer union of the Congregational churches of the state may be effected, that these plans be presented to the Conference of 1904 for its consideration and that so much of the report as shall meet with the favor of the conference be referred to the churches of the state for their approval.

The reverence paid to the old and revered Liberty Bell on its recent journey to Boston and back to Philadelphia has led to the suggestion that the fragment of Plymouth Rock, now encanopied at Plymouth, be sent on a journey through the country stimulating patriotism and giving opportunity for discussion wherever it goes of the principles and men with which it is identified historically. No such discussion can be carried on without direct and indirect gain to Congregationalism and the ideal of spiritual liberty and growth which it embodies. The excursion should be carefully guarded from having any aspects of a "junket," such as the recent bringing of the Liberty Bell to Boston had; and the utmost precaution should be taken to avoid railway collisions.

The Daily Portion

THE HANDBOOK BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

July 5, Sunday. *The Two Sons.—Matt.* 21: 28-32.

Connect this with what goes before. It is spoken directly to the priests and elders. His spell is upon them as they listen and they give the only possible reply. Then he convicts them out of their own mouths. The most despised of all classes enter the kingdom while mere lip servants stand without. The door flies open at the touch of the repentant man, no matter how deeply he may have been defiled with sin, but the call to righteousness woke no answering chord of longing in their hearts.

July 6. *The Vineyard.—Matt.* 21: 33-46.

This parable contains the answer to the question as to his authority. Mark the unqualified assertion of the difference between the servants and the son. Christ will not put himself on a level even with the greatest of the prophets. He stands in a unique relation to the Father and their determination to be rid of him is their final condemnation. More than most parables this may be applied in its details. Mark how it brings out the forethought and patience of God and the wasted opportunity of the Jews. Compare Isa. 5: 1 ff.

July 7. *The Wedding Garment.—Matt.* 22: 1-14.

The historical element in the parable of the vineyard gives place here to an immediate application to the conditions of his own time. There are still the same elements of God's offer, man's rejection and the shadow of judgment. Here, too, the shadow of the final separation, which is always in Christ's thought, is over the story. The king comes in to judge and casts out the presumptuous guest. Note that it is not sin which excludes—the guests were both bad and good—but presumptuous sin. The presumptuous guest is but one in the parable, but Christ adds a warning that there may be many in his case. Dante brings this out with terrible force in the Inferno, where most of the sufferers we meet were members of the visible church.

July 8. *God and Cæsar.—Matt.* 22: 15-22.

Those who recognize Cæsar's law must not complain of Cæsar's tax. The cunning of the priests is no match for the clear thought and insight of Jesus. This belonged to a class of questions which he always declined to pass upon. Compare Luke 12: 14.

July 9. *The God of the Living.—Matt.* 22: 23-33.

The proof of immortality is bound up in the covenant of God with his people. These men came to ridicule and were judged as they had judged. They were "gagged"—put to silence and confusion before the people. Our life and its relations are to be transformed, not annihilated. "This mortal must put on immortality."

July 10. *The Hinge of the Law.—Matt.* 22: 34-40.

Note the difference of method. The Jewish lawyers interpreted all things from the letter to the spirit, Christ begins with the spirit of love to God and man and applies it for the interpretation of the letter. This was a serious question answered seriously in words which were perfectly familiar to the inquirer.

July 11. *The Pharisees Put to Silence.—Matt.* 22: 41-46.

That Messiah was David's son they all believed, but Jesus asks how he could be David's son and receive the reverence due as Messiah. The only possible answer would have acknowledged both humility and glory of the Christ and opened the way for the Messianic claims of Jesus. Here end the attempts to get the better of him in words. Only the way of violence remained.

Record of the Week

Calls

ALLEN, CHAS. F., to Germantown, Pa., where he has been at work for a year. Accepts.

BARNES, STEPHEN G., to permanent pastorate at South Ch., St. Johnsbury, Vt., where he has been serving for a year. Accepts.

BAYNE, JOHN J., Chicago Sem., to Geddes, S. D. Accepts, and is at work.

BLAISDELL, JAS. A., Olivet, Mich., accepts call to chair of Biblical literature, Beloit Coll., Wis. He is the son of the late Professor Blaisdell of Beloit.

BUCK, JOHN W., Sedgwick St. Ch., Chicago, Ill., to Buffalo Center, Io., also to Gilbert Station. Accepts the latter, and is at work.

BUELL, SETH H., Yale Sem., to Ravenna, Neb. Accepts.

BUTLER, FRANK E., Union Ch., S. Weymouth, Mass., to S. Hadley Falls.

CHALMERS, JAS., First Ch., Elgin, Ill., to the presidency of South Dakota Agricultural Coll. Accepts.

CRANE, CHAS. D, formerly of Yarmouth, Me., accepts position as field sec., C. E. work in Me., with headquarters at Waterville, beginning Sept. 1.

DALZELL, GEO., Highland, Ill., to Roberts. Accepts.

EATON, WALTER S., Revere, Mass., to Normal and Industrial School, Orange Park, Fla.

EDGAR, E. H., to Flagler, Col. Accepts, and is at work.

EDWARDS, NICHOLAS T., Escondido, Cal., to Whittier.

FORBES, FRANK S., to East Ch., Los Angeles, Cal., for one year. Accepts, and is at work.

HAMILTON, JOS. S., Chicago Sem., to Poplar Grove, Ill. Accepts.

HARPER, JAS. P., Greenwich, Mass., to Pittsfield, N. H. Accepts, to begin Sept. 1.

KELSEY, HENRY H., Fourth Ch., Hartford, Ct., to presidency of Talladega Coll., Alabama.

MCELHINEY, CHAS. H., Princeton, Me., to Ashland. Accepts.

MURRAY, E. O., Chicago, to Spring Valley, Ill. Accepts.

PURDUE, ROLAND W., Spring Valley, Ill., to Telluride, Col. Accepts.

RAND, WILBUR, Hartland, Vt., to Jericho and Underhill.

READ, JAS. L., Crested Butte, Col., to Littleton. Accepts, and is at work.

RONDTHALER, J. A., Chicago, to St. Lawrence Ch., Portland, Me. Declines.

SANDERSON, A. B., to Colibran, Col. Accepts.

ST. CLARE, CHRISTOPHER C., Yale Sem., to Morrisville, Vt. Accepts, and is at work.

STEELMAN, J. N. (Bapt.), Sidney, N. Y., to Lakewood and Ashville.

TURNER, LEONARD A, Chicago, Ill., to Hennessey, Okl.

WALLACE, DAVID, Lunenburg, Mass., to Marlboro, N. H. Accepts.

Ordinations and Installations

BARTHOLOMEW, NOYES O., *o.* Ohio Ave. Ch., Denver, Col., June 8. Sermon, Rev. Addison Blanchard; other parts, Rev. Messrs. Horace Sanderson, John Page, W. C. Veazie, A. S. Bush.

EBERT, WM. B., *o.* Snyder Ave. Ch., Philadelphia, Pa., June 9. He is pastor at Blossburg, Pa.

ENNIS, MERLIN, Yale Sem., *o.* as missionary of the American Board to West Central Africa, Endeavor, Wis., June 16. Sermon, Pres. E. D. Eaton, D. D.; other parts, Rev. Messrs. J. H. Chandler, W. M. Ellis and Drs. S. T. Kidder, H. W. Carter and F. K. Sanders.

FITCH, ALBERT P., *i.* First Ch., Flushing, N. Y., June 23. Sermon, Dr. C. C. Hall; other parts, Rev. Messrs. W. S. Woolworth, L. L. Taylor, L. R. Dyott, Drs. C. T. Baylis, J. H. Egbert, A. H. Plumb, J. A. French and Prof. J. E. Frame.

JONES, SENECA, *i.* Crockett, Cal., June 12.

LOCKE, ROB'T J., Chicago Sem., *o.* June 19, Sharon, Wis., where he has been serving a year in connection with his studies, and where he continues as pastor. Sermon, Dr. G. R. Leavitt; other parts, Rev. Messrs. S. P. Wilder, B. Royal Cheney, H. W. Carter, J. W. Wilson, F. M. Hubbell and J. W. Jordan.

LONG, J. HALL, *o.* Bethel, Vt., June 24. Sermon, Rev. Geo. E. Ladd; other parts, Rev. Messrs. J. F. Whitney, G. W. Patterson and H. Nutting, M. D.

MOORE, W. HOWARD, *o.* Liberty Ch., Trevor, Wis., June 23. Sermon, Rev. A. L. P. Loomis; other parts, Rev. Messrs. J. W. Moore, F. L. Moore and R. B. Guild. Mr. Moore has acted as pastor at Trevor for three years, while studying at Chicago Sem., and will continue his connection with the church.

Resignations

BLAISDELL, JAS. A., Olivet, Mich., to take effect Aug. 15.

CURTIS, GILBERT A., W. Newbury, Vt.

JONES, EDW. I., North Fairmount Ch., Cincinnati, O., closing seven years' service.

MCELHINEY, CHAS. H., Princeton, Me.

MOODY, CALVIN B., Danforth Ch., Syracuse, N. Y., to take effect Aug 31.

ROGERS, WM. O., Pond Creek, Okl., to take effect Aug. 1. He will take charge of interdenominational work in the territory.

Dismissions

BUCKHAM, JOHN W., Crombie St. Ch., Salem, Mass., June 16.

MACCOLL, JOHN A., North Ch., New Bedford, Mass., June 17, to take effect Aug. 31.

TENNEY, H. MELVILLE, San José, Cal., June 16.

WISWALL, ALEX., Upton, Mass., June 24.

WRIGHT, ABIEL H., St. Lawrence Ch., Portland, Me., June 17.

American Board Personals

CAMPBELL, MADOLINE, now of Newton Hospital, Newton Lower Falls, Mass., while not appointed as a regular missionary of the Board, has received its approval to go to Ahmednagar as head nurse in the hospital under the care of Ruth Hume, M.D.

IRWIN, H. M., pastor of a Presbyterian church, Sapperton, B. C., graduate of Manitoba University and the School of Theology in Manitoba College, has received appointment under the Board, and designated to the Western Turkey Mission. Also, his *fiancée*, MISS GENEVIEVE DUVAL, daughter of Rev. Dr. DuVal of Knox Presb. Ch., Winnipeg, Manitoba, a graduate of Manitoba University. It is expected that these young people will be stationed at Cesarea.

JONES, LAURA N., Riverside, Cal., formerly connected with an independent mission in China, but well known to the missionaries of the American Board, has been appointed a missionary of this Board and designated to the North China Mission.

LEE, REV. THEODORE STORRS, son of President Lee of Springfield, graduate of Amherst College and Union Seminary, has received appointment under the Board and designated to the Marathi Mission. Also his *fiancée*, MISS HANNAH HUME, daughter of Rev. Robert A. Hume of Ahmednagar, India, a graduate of Wellesley College, for one year instructor in East Northfield and now connected with city missionary work in New Haven.

PAYNE, MISS JESSIE E., Watertown, S. D., has received appointment as a missionary of the Board and been designated to the North China Mission in the expectation that she will fill an important vacancy in the Bridgman School for Girls at Peking.

POST, DR. WILFRED M., son of Rev. George B. Post, M. D., of Beirut, Syria, graduate of Princeton University and the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, has been appointed missionary of the Board and designated to the Western Turkey Mission in the expectation that he will be associated with William S. Dodd, M. D., in his successful medical work at Cesarea.

RICE, NINA E., Los Angeles, Cal., a graduate of Pomona College, Claremont, 1903, has received appointment as a missionary of the Board, designated to the Western Turkey Mission.

WARD, MR. A. A., Odon, Ind., a graduate from Yale in the class of 1903, has accepted an appointment as instructor in Jaffna College, Ceylon.

Churches Organized and Recognized

COMSTOCK, NEB., *rec.* 10 June, 15 members. Five denominations represented in the membership.

DENVER, COL., OHIO AVE. CH., *rec.* 8 June, in connection with ordination of the pastor, Rev. Noyes O. Bartholomew.

FORT WORTH, TEX., *rec.* 8 June, 50 members. Pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Ray.

LANE, S. D., *rec.* 7 June, 15 members.

MAYBELL, COL.

Material Gain

CHENANGO FORKS, N. Y., Rev. H. A. Ottman, minister. Fifteen beautiful memorial windows, the gift of members of the church or congregation, were consecrated June 12. Among former pastors present were Rev. Messrs. Sam'l Johnson and J. W. Keeler.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., *South.*—Parsonage purchased, to be ready Sept. 1 for occupancy by the new pastor, Rev. S. G. Barnes.

TICONDEROGA, N. Y., Rev. W. H. Mousley, minister. Debt raised on parsonage, which has been repaired and painted. Plans drawn for addition to church building, to provide ladies' parlors, kitchen, pastor's study, etc.

Debts Paid

AMESBURY, MASS., *Main St.*, Rev. J. D. Dingwell, minister. $3,500. Mortgage and notes burned June 9.

CLEVELAND, O., *Franklin Ave.*, Rev. B. F. Boller, retiring pastor. $1,800 pledged to wipe out long-standing debt.

LEAD, S. D., Rev. J. A. Solandt. Offering of $1,060 pays all debts on church and parsonage. Church is now self-supporting.

Suggestive Methods

NAUGATUCK, CT., Rev. Sherrod Soule, minister. In using individual communion service, commu-

Continued on page 38.

In and Around Boston

A Sinking City

Evidence enough has been furnished that Boston is slowly sinking to a level with the ocean to cause considerable talk about it by its citizens, and the commiseration of outsiders. Our offices and composing rooms being in the eighth story of the Congregational House, which is situated nearly on the top of Beacon Hill, and the estimate of depression being not more than one foot in one hundred years, we feel confidence in assuring readers of *The Congregationalist* that they will lose nothing by sending in their subscriptions promptly. We shall continue to do business at the old stand as long as any of the present generation or their children survive.

Nearly Four Decades a Missionary

On a recent evening a reception was held at Eliot Church, Boston, in honor of Miss Louise J. Rice, for thirty-eight years a missionary under the City Missionary Society, for most of that time in connection with Eliot Church. Miss Rice was an early graduate from Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and her work has been marked by consecration, zeal and faithfulness. She has added much to the growth of the church, and all classes of people love her. Her record for last year included the making of 2,494 calls. After brief addresses by neighboring clergymen and Rev. D. W. Waldron, superintendent of the City Missionary Society, the pastor, Rev. W. C. Rhoades, spoke and presented to Miss Rice a silver box containing $500 in gold, a joint gift from the church, the family and friends of the City Missionary Society throughout the city.

Military Parade and Unveiling of the Hooker Statue

In company with Ball's George Washington and St. Gaudens' Robert Gould Shaw monuments, there now stands on Boston's soil a third admirable equestrian statue of Gen. Joseph Hooker, once commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac, a son of old Hadley and a creditable figure in the military history of the country. A composite work of art, the horse being the work of Mr. E. C. Potter and the man of Daniel C. French, it is universally praised for its artistic worth and impressiveness, standing as it does at the head of Park Street on the State House Park. The unveiling of this statue was made the occasion for a military parade, the largest Boston has seen since the Civil War, all arms of the national service being represented, the state militia sending a fine representation, and veterans of the Civil War turning out in larger numbers than ever will be seen again, men who had served under Hooker coming from afar to join in the reunion of the Army of the Potomac.

Christian Science—Cohorts Assemble

Between five and ten thousand Christian Scientists were in Boston over Sunday attending the three communion services held in Mechanics Hall. Monday several thousand of them journeyed to Concord to see the home and person of Mrs. Eddy. Delegations from England and Germany are among the faithful this year. Action will be taken at the business sessions by the inner circle controlling the movement, relative to erection of the elaborate, costly church costing a million dollars which is to be built in Boston, so inadequate is the present comparatively new edifice of the "mother church."

Nor for thy neighbor, nor for thee,
Be sure, was life designed to be
A draught of dull complacency.
So but thou strive, thou soon shalt see
Defeat itself is victory.

—*Clough.*

Marriages

The charge for marriage notices is twenty-five cents.

ANDREWS RATHBONE—In Alexandria, Va., June 25, Rev. George W. Andrews of Dalton, Mass., and Sara D. Rathbone of Alexandria.

GALLAGHER—SHEPPARD—In East Braintree, Mass., at the residence of the bride's parents, June 26, by Rev. Robert H. Cochrane, Dr. William Gallagher, head master of Thayer Academy, and Ella Williams Sheppard, both of Braintree.

Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

HATHAWAY—In Pasadena, Cal., June 16, Rev. I. W. Hathaway, D. D., secretary of the Am. Sabbath Union, aged 65 yrs.

HEMINGWAY—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Cliff Seat, Ticonderoga, N. Y., June 26, Mrs. Willis Hemingway of New Haven, Ct., aged 82 yrs.

JESUP—In Hanover, N. H., June 22, Henry G. Jesup, professor of botany in Dartmouth College from 1877-99, aged 77 yrs.

MCVICKAR—In Topeka, Kan., June 4, of slow paralysis, Rev. Peter McVickar, formerly president of Washburn College, aged 74 yrs. A graduate of Beloit College and Andover Seminary, he went to Kansas in 1860 with a home missionary commission. He was soon installed over First Church, Topeka, but at the close of the war resigned the pastorate and became state superintendent of instruction. To him Washburn College owes a large measure of its prosperity.

MORRIS—In Montclair, N. J., June 29, Charles Barrett Morris, aged 67 yrs., father of George P. Morris.

MRS. B. B. BEARDSLEY

Mary White Beardsley, widow of the late Rev. Bronson Burton Beardsley, died at her home on Golden Hill, Bridgeport, Ct., Thursday, May 14, aged 85 years, 3 months, 11 days.

The deceased was born in Boston, Mass., Feb. 3, 1818. She was a direct descendant of Peregrine White, the first white child to be born in the colonies. In 1853 she married Rev. Bronson Burton Beardsley and in 1857 a son was born to them. He died in 1875 and in this death ended the line of succession. Mrs. Beardsley left no direct heirs and her large fortune will be divided among charitable organizations, the Olivet Congregational Church, and, after providing generously for one who was like a daughter to the family, the bulk will provide a home for aged couples in Bridgeport. Among her numerous benefactions during her life was the Young Women's Christian Association, and this will receive $5,000. Mrs. Beardsley was a beautiful Christian woman, and greatly beloved by those who knew her.

GEORGE FRED WINCH

Mr. George Fred Winch of Brookline, Mass., died on board of the Kaiser Wilhelm II., June 15, a day before its arrival in New York. Being somewhat out of health he sailed in January in company with Mrs. Winch for a trip through the Mediterranean and through the Holy Land, in the hope that he might receive benefit. In April at Constantinople he was taken seriously ill. As physicians gave no hope of recovery, after some weeks the attempt was made of the voyage home. For five days the patient bore up, and then, just before the ship touched the shore, there was the blessed homecoming, so rich and full, into the Haven on High.

Mr. Winch was born fifty-eight years ago in Natick, Mass. Coming to Boston he entered the grocery business, and for a time was a member of the firm of Bond & Winch. Later he became associated with the firm of Winch Brothers, wholesale shoe dealers, of which he was vice-president at the time of his death. He is survived by widow and by one daughter, Mrs. J. Scott Parrish of Richmond, Va.

Mr. Winch was a man of sterling integrity, and throughout his life was actively allied with religious concerns. His piety was of that forceful kind that readily made him a leader in various forms of Christian work. For a number of years he was an exceedingly efficient superintendent in the Sunday school of the Phillips Church, South Boston, and widely interested in Sunday school efforts. For a year he was president of the Congregational Superintendents' Union. Removing to Brookline he became connected with Harvard Church. He was one of the foremost supporters of the Bethany Sunday school enterprise, acting as one of its trustees. For a long period he was head usher in Harvard Church, and his genial nature and hearty Christian spirit made his service in that capacity of great value. In the churches with which he was connected he filled a place of large usefulness and his memory will ever remain with those who were associated with him in Christian fellowship. His home life was of the purest type, and his adaptability and kindly disposition made him always a delightful and welcome guest among his friends. He will be greatly missed, for in his quiet and unobtrusive way he aided many to help themselves.

MRS. M. E. W. EMERSON

Died in Brookline, on the evening of June 22, Mrs. Martha E. W. Emerson, widow of Rev. Alfred Emerson aged 86 years and 10 months.

A long, beautiful and fruitful life came to its earthly close, when, after an illness of but three days, Mrs. Emerson entered into rest.

A woman of unusual strength and sweetness, rich in vitality, she was a power for good in all the relations of life, and many and varied are the characters who felt her inspiring and formative influence. Herself a pupil of Mary Lyon, she carried into her work as a teacher, when principal of Wheaton Seminary, and afterwards associate principal of Bradford Academy, much of Mary Lyon's spirit and power.

Later, as pastor's wife, at Wakefield, South Berwick and Fitchburg, she did a beautiful and an almost unique work. Her tact and sympathy, her love and wisdom, her graciousness and charm, attracted all to her. Young people brought their heart troubles to her; young theologues consulted her about their early sermons; she enlisted in Christian work many who never before knew or sought the way to serve; when affliction or death came to any family, she was the indispensable consoler and adviser, an invigorating presence, a tower of strength.

But it was as home-maker that the beautiful light of her life shone most brightly. No one who shared the wide and charming hospitality of that home can have failed to be impressed by its joyous atmosphere, abounding in intellectual and spiritual life. Unusually close and tender was the bond which united the five members of that circle—husband, wife, sister, daughters—so differently and so richly gifted, so full of unselfish devotion to one another.

And she who was the center of it all, how sane and well-balanced she was, how fair in her judgments, how keen in her analysis, how able to comprehend the views of others, however different from her own! How kindly was her delicious, humorous enjoyment of the idiosyncracies of others, how ready her sparkling repartee!

And even through the years of her advanced age, after three of those best beloved ones had departed, her spirit continued young to the last. Ever constant in friendship, full of interest in all good things, retaining much of her natural brilliancy in conversation, her mind alert, her heart warm, her soul abiding in the peace of God, she waited, until Christ, according to his promise, received her unto himself. A.

Eruptions

The only way to get rid of pimples and other eruptions is to cleanse the blood, improve the digestion, stimulate the kidneys, liver and skin. The medicine to take is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which has cured thousands.

ICE WASTE

It all depends on what you mean by an inexpensive refrigerator. There are two expenses to every refrigerator:—the first cost and the operating cost. The first cost is paid only once; the operating cost is paid a hundred times.

Probably the ice bill of an unscientific refrigerator will amount to fifty times its first cost, at a low estimate. You cannot skimp one dollar on first cost without wasting five dollars in the ice cost.

Now, is it worth while to buy the ordinary, unscientific refrigerator? Decidedly not. It is twice as wasteful. We sell the Eddy Refrigerator because we find it is the one economical refrigerator—economical both in first cost and in ice consumption. That we guarantee.

Better see one before buying elsewhere.

PAINE FURNITURE CO.

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48 CANAL ST., BOSTON

CHURCH CARPETS AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO., CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY. 658 WASHINGTON ST., OPP. BOYLSTON ST. BOSTON.

In the Worcester South

This quiet circle of Massachusetts churches, where ministers often abide through long terms, has just severed relations with two pastors. After eleven years Rev. Alexander Wiswall relinquishes the Upton pulpit. He carries with him the cordial findings of the dismissing council of June 24 and a gold time-piece, expressing further good wishes.

Uxbridge also parts company with its minister, Rev. Edward C. Hayes, who closed his service there last Sunday, after a full year. The local association has cordially recommended him to the churches.

Webster is considering the feasibility of lake services for the summer and at Sutton plans are already under way for out of-door vespers during July and August. This church has just recognized with appropriate services the gift of a beautiful window in memory of Simeon and Delia Stockwell, placed by the immediate family.

The annual Ladies' Day in the local association was more than an ordinary event. Women's Work was the leading theme. Mrs. F. J. Van Horn and Mrs. Samuel Harlow emphasized this for The Children and in Missions. L'ghts and Shadows in the Minister's Life were cast by Mrs. John R. Thurston and Rev. Alexander Wiswall, supplemented by personal incidents from members.

Shall the Protestant Churches of Milbury Follow the Trust Idea in Organizing for Christian Work? was the theme of the last meeting of the local Social Union. The discussion was to the point in figures of statistics and of speech. The proposition involved the erection of one well-equipped modern church, centrally located, with a $5,000 minister and a musical auxiliary to match, keeping open house much of the week and ministering to the community through one or more assistant pastors. Over against this outline was thrown the loss of personality and service which great combinations are likely to entail, the removal of churches from sections where they are needed and the necessary sacrifice of important phases of Christian statement in forming a basis for membership in a union church. Judicial and impartial judges decided in the negative. Such a discussion is suggestive of the common thought and doubtless will stimulate the Christian forces of the town.

W. P. L.

Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

For Nervous Women.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It quiets and strengthens the nerves, relieves nausea and sick headache, and induces refreshing sleep. Improves general health.

This Boy won a $25.00 Prize selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST YOU can do the same

HE IS the "Champion Boy" of the State of Washington. His name is Harry Ireland. The smile on his face is due to the fact that he had in his pocket a check for $25 from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THIS $25 is in addition to the regular commission he receives week after week for selling THE POST.

HARRY is a hustler. The long strip of paper he holds in his hand is covered with closely written signatures of people who have instructed him to deliver THE POST for four consecutive weeks.

HE PERSUADED several prominent business men to sign at the top of the sheet and their names influenced others to sign until the list became longer than he is tall.

THIS is one of the many ways we have suggested to help boys to sell THE POST. It makes the work so easy that thousands of boys have taken it up. Some are making $10 to $15 a week after school hours.

YOU can start in this business, at once, without capital. Send us your name and we will forward 10 free copies, which you can sell at five cents each. This will supply capital for the next week's order.

$225 in Extra Cash Prizes Next Month

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In and Around Chicago

A Good Day at Wheaton

By invitation of the president, faculty and trustees of Wheaton College the ministers of Chicago and vicinity held their regular Monday morning meeting, June 22, on the beautiful grounds of the college. The morning session was in the chapel, where portraits of the first president, Rev. Jonathan Blanchard, and of one of its firmest and earliest friends, Hon. Samuel Plumb, were unveiled. Dr. Joseph E. Roy reviewed the life and work of President Blanchard, in an address of rare appropriateness and tenderness. Dr. Roy says he is more indebted to him than to any other man whom he has ever met Rev. W. L. Ferris, as his former pastor, spoke of Mr. Plumb, the banker, who was the supporter of every good cause connected with the church in Streator, Ill. After a luncheon the new industrial building, erected at a cost of about $40,000, was dedicated with an address on the Relations Between Industry and Christianity by Dr. A. A. Berle. A lecture on Here and There in New England, by R. J. Bennett, Esq., in the evening, completed the exercises of the day.

Sunday the baccalaureate was preached by President Blanchard, a missionary address was given by Mrs. Julia E. Humphrey and a farewell meeting of the young people was held in the evening. At the Commencement exercises nine young people graduated. Though hampered for lack of funds, the faculty does excellent work. The college needs at least $200,000 immediately for an endowment, a dormitory for young men and a second one for young women, who are coming to the college in increasing numbers.

A Golden Wedding

Monday evening Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Roy received the congratulations of their friends at their home in Oak Park. Fifty years of wedded life have been granted them and they had the pleasure of having all their surviving children, three daughters, their husbands, a son and his wife, and all their grandchildren present. Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Holyoke who have recently celebrated their half-century of married life and a judge from Faribault, Minn., whose anniversary came about a year ago, both classmates at Knox, were present to add to the joy of the occasion. Sunday at the invitation of his pastor, Dr. W. E. Barton, he preached an anniversary sermon from the text, "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year." Drs. Savage and Holyoke, lifelong friends, had part in this service.

Graduation Week at Beloit

Exercises connected with the graduation of a class of forty-seven began with an address to the college Christian Associations by Dr. Berle. His theme was service, which was also the theme of the baccalaureate by President Eaton. Monday was occupied with the Freshmen prize declamations, an organ recital and an address by Victor C. Alderson, dean of Armour Institute, now president of the Colorado School of Mines at Boulder, on whom Wednesday morning the degree of Doctor of Science was conferred. Tuesday was set apart for class day exercises, and the alumni banquet.

Another Gift for Armour Institute

Dr. Gunsalus announces a gift of $150,000 from J. Ogden Armour for additional endowment. Never was there a greater demand for its graduates, especially in engineering. Two or three places have been open for every student who could fill them.

Anniversary at Sandwich

The church at Sandwich, Ill., has just celebrated the completion of fifty years. All of the living former pastors had part in the exercises. Among them was Dr. J. O. Haarvig of Allston, Boston The story of the life of the church was told by Mr. William Deacon; welcome to former pastors and visitors was given by Dr. J. M. Lewis, the present pastor, whose time of service is in excess of any who have preceded him. The church is one of the strongest of our country churches and has long been noted for the ability and generosity of its laymen. Less than three hours by rail from Chicago, in a beautiful region, the town has grown up quietly and gathered into its churches a membership of unusual refinement and culture. The membership of the Congregational church is now about 340, and its benevolences have always been large. A poem entitled The Golden Harp, by Rev. G. W. Crofts, reviewing the life of the church, added to the pleasure of the occasion. The church has always been in the front line in the battle for reform. It was organized because surrounding churches refused to express themselves with emphasis against the sin of slavery. When the emancipation had taken place its members sought to improve the condition of the colored people. They have always been prominent in the temperance reform.

Chicago, June 27. FRANKLIN.

SURE NOW

The Truth About Coffee.

It must be regarded as a convincing test when a family of 7 has used Postum for 5 years, regaining health and keeping healthy and strong on this food drink.

This family lives in Millville, Mass., and the lady of the household says: "For eight years my stomach troubled me all the time. I was very nervous and irritable and no medicine helped me

"I had about given up hope until 5 years ago next month I read an article about Postum Cereal Coffee that convinced me that coffee was the cause of all my troubles. I made the Postum carefully and liked it so much I drank it in preference to coffee but without much faith that it would help me.

"At the end of a month however I was surprised to find such a change in my condition. I was stronger in every way, less nervous and at the end of 6 months I had recovered my strength so completely that I was able to do all of my own housework. Because of the good Postum did us I knew that what you claimed for Grape-Nuts must be true and we have all used that delicious food ever since it first appeared on the market.

"We have 7 in our family and I do the work for them all and I am sure that I owe my strength and health to the steady use of your fine cereal food and Postum (in place of coffee). I have such great faith in Postum that I have sent it to my relatives and I never lose a chance to speak well of it." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ice cold Postum with a dash of lemon is a delightful "cooler" for warm days.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.

The Church Prayer Meeting

Topic, July 5-11. Doing Business on Christian Principles. Deut. 25: 13-16; Ps. 15; 1 Thes. 4: 9-12

Is it possible? Would it pay? The hindrances? Rewards? Can a Christian afford any other success?

[For prayer meeting editorial see page 9.]

A Day of Peace and Good Will

A man with the Christian ideal will not grasp at Sunday as a loafing day, or driving and golfing day; but as a day of meditation, of the Spirit, of heart's peace in the quiet of heaven and the eternal truths of life; a day to be redeemed from the anxieties of business, the lust of money getting, the vulgarities of the common day, when religion is to be exalted as the supremely important thing in a human life; when the sacrament of divine worship is to be solemnized and the gospel proclaimed through the church; a day when the prosperous the healthy and the strong may aid their less fortunate fellows in any ways good will and opportunity suggest.—*Rev. B. W. Lockhart, D. D.*

Do You Know What It Means to Cure Constipation?

It means to turn aside and throw out of the body all the woes and miseries caused by a clogged up system, and they are many. Constipation means that the bowels are weak, so that they cannot keep up that constant motion the doctors call peristaltic action. When that stops passages cease, the blood begins to absorb the poisons through the walls of the intestines and thus disease is scattered everywhere. Death often lays its foundation in this way. Torturing diseases like dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney troubles, liver complaints, heart disease, headaches and a hundred and one other complaints start that way. A cure must come through toning up, strengthening and invigorating the bowels. This can be easily, gently and permanently done by Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It is a tonic laxative of the highest class. It builds up the bowels, restores the lost action and adds new life and vigor. Only one small dose a day will positively cure constipation of any degree by removing the cause of the trouble. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 122 Seneca Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

All leading druggists have it for sale.

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to keep the natural channels of the body open. It prevents *constipation, biliousness, headaches, refreshes the stomach, aids digestion, cools the blood, clears the brain.* Contains no narcotic or irritant drug.

Used by American Physicians nearly 60 years.

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A Missionary Campaign in the Bay State

A recent visit of two students just graduated from Union Seminary, among the churches of Worcester South Conference has greatly quickened the missionary spirit of these churches. It was made under the auspices of the state and conference committees on missionary work and with the advice and co-operation of Secretary Hicks of the American Board.

Messrs. Wellington H. Tinker and Theodore S. Lee, both Amherst graduates, were in the conference two weeks, holding from three to five services with each church. One or more public meetings were held at each place, in which the young men won hearty interest by their attractive personality and exceptionally able and enthusiastic presentation of the opportunities for aggressive work before the Church of today.

The main purpose of the visit, however, was to confer with the missionary committees of the church and Endeavor Societies in private sessions. Practical methods of fostering the missionary spirit, by spreading information in regard to missionary activities, by more thorough training of the young people and by more general and systematic giving, were carefully discussed. To illustrate and enforce their suggestions they brought samples of mission literature. It was the aim to agree on such definite plans as would be adapted to local needs.

These young men are exceptionally qualified for this task. Mr. Tinker was Y. M. C. A. secretary in Amherst College for some time after graduation and is now assistant secretary of student work in New York city. Mr. Lee is the son of Rev. S. H. Lee, president of the French Protestant college of Springfield, Mass., and is under commission of the American Board for work in India. Both have conducted several mission study classes in the Y. M. C. A. and C. E. societies and have been closely connected with the Student Volunteer movement for several years.

It is too early to predict results but a number of churches are already planning to carry out some of their suggestions, such as installing a missionary library, making more use of the missionary committee and starting mission study classes.

This visit is the first of a series which the state committee on missionary work expects to arrange, if the churches express a wish for them. A number of young men from our seminaries are available, who would willingly spend a few days from time to time in such service. G. P. E.

Prof. Graham Taylor of Chicago Seminary and The Commons, Chicago, read a paper on The Relation of Settlements to the City at a conference of London settlement workers the other day, over which Mrs. Humphry Ward presided.

Meetings and Events to Come

SOUTHERN YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSIONARY CONFERENCE, Lookout Mountain, Tenn., July 1-8.

NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION, Boston, Mass. July 6-10.

NORTHFIELD YOUNG WOMEN'S CONFERENCE, East Northfield, Mass., July 7-15.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF Y. P. S. C. E., Denver, Col. July 9-13.

AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR CIVIC IMPROVEMENT. Chautauqua, N. Y., July 13-18.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSIONARY CONFERENCE, Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y. July 21-31.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL BIBLE CONFERENCE, Lake Orion, Mich., July 23—Aug 3

CHRISTIAN WORKERS' CONFERENCE, East Northfield, Mass., July 31—Aug. 16. Post-conference addresses Aug. 18—Sept. 21.

CONGREGATIONAL SUMMER ASSEMBLY, Pottawomie Point, Mich., Aug 15-31.

OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE, Silver Bay, Lake George N. Y., Aug. 28—Sept. 2.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, Cleveland, O., Oct. 10-22.

DRAKE'S PALMETTO WINE

A complete medicine and tonic for immediate relief and absolute cure of Chronic Stomach Troubles, Flatulency, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Congestion, Inflammation of Bladder and Catarrh of Mucous Membranes. When used for the cure of Bright's Disease, Diabetes and female troubles, it cures to stay cured and promotes health and vigor. One tablespoonful, once a day, establishes a perfect cure, and is a wonderful tonic for the appetite and nerves and purifies and enriches the blood.

The Drake Formula Company, Lake and Dearborn Streets, Chicago, Ill., will send one trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine free and prepaid to every reader of *The Congregationalist* who needs such a medicine. Simply send your name and address with request for one bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine prepaid, free of charge.

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Unitarian Evangelism

Unitarians are pushing their evangelistic methods in towns as well as in cities. This week three Boston suburban pastors, Rev. Messrs. Pratt, Applebee and Pratt, are visiting Bellingham, Franklin, Wrentham, Sharon, and are dispensing the gospel after the Unitarian conception.

The method is interesting and attractive. Meetings are held in the open air. Stereopticon pictures of scenes in the life of Christ are used. Carefully selected gospel hymns are thrown upon the screen and the singing is led by a cornetist. After three brief prayers the Parable of the Prodigal Son is read and explained by two ministers, assisted by pictures. Then a copy of Our Creed is thrown upon the screen and is explained by two ministers, while the third passes to those present copies of the same, with Unitarian sermons and tracts. Then follow familiar scenes in the life of Christ, pictured and briefly interpreted by one while the others converse with individuals in the audience.

While we cannot approve the movement as a denominational propagandism, we do like its evangelistic features. It is orderly, attractive and impressive. We fear, as now conducted, it is a mere "bird of passage," and will prove futile. A fortnight movement in rural communities, filled with gospel zeal and less disputed doctrinal matter, would have produced rich results. At least, we commend the movement to our own churches for serious consideration. I. W. S.

Dedication at Springfield, O.

A beautiful and commodious $30,000 building has risen from the ashes of the First Congregational Church, proving true what Dr. John Clark Hill, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, said as he viewed the edifice go up in smoke Dec. 22, 1901: "Congregationalists have grit—and grit doesn't burn."

In the new house of worship the Sunday school room adjoins the auditorium, separated by a large sliding partition. Both rooms have a gallery. The pipe organ is a Felgemacker from Erie, Pa. On the first floor are lecture-room, parlors, kitchen and furnace room.

The first meeting in the new house was a communion service, at which the pastor, Rev. C. H. Small, received eighteen new members, eleven on confession.

At the regular dedicatory service the church was packed to overflowing. Dr. Washington Gladden preached. Rev. W. H. Baker, pastor of Lagonda Avenue Church, a child of the First, offered the invocation, and Rev. S. P. Dunlap, a former pastor, the dedicatory prayer. At this service subscriptions were received amounting to $3,600, leaving only $2,000 unprovided for, which will doubtless soon be covered by personal canvass.

Dr. J. A. Story brought the greetings of Methodists and Dr. J. C. Hill those of Presbyterians. A reception to the building committee tested the capacity of the large parlors. There were brief greetings from city pastors and President Heckert of Wittenberg College.

Two beautiful memorial windows have been placed, one to the late Deacon Clifton M. Nichols, the other to William Grant and wife, three of whose sons and their families are in the church, one grandson is organist, and another is Rev. M. Lee Grant of Michigan, who took part in the services. A third large window was presented by the Endeavor Society.

On the Sunday evening previous to the dedication a farewell service was held in the synagogue where First Church has worshiped for a year and a half. The pastor preached to a large congregation of Jews and Christians on Our Common Heritage and Our Common Duty. The women of First Church then cleaned the synagogue and left flowers on the altar. The Jews reciprocated with a large bouquet of roses that was on the pulpit the day of dedication. H.

BIT HIM

If It Had Been a Bear.

Sometimes it is good to be in a position where you can turn around to your shelves and take down food that is a rebuilder and life saver. A prominent grocer of Murrysville, Pa., had heard so many of his customers praising the food Grape-Nuts that he finally gave it a trial himself. He says: "For several years up to 16 months ago I was hardly fit for business from indigestion, which also affected my head. My brain was dull and I could hardly keep my books.

"One day I heard one of my customers praising the food Grape-Nuts so highly that I wondered if it would fit my case, so I took a package from the shelf and said that I would use it and even if it failed I would not be much the loser.

"But before I had finished that one package such a change came over me that I thought it wonderful, and by the time three packages had been eaten I had changed so you would not believe it if I told you about it. My head grew clear and my mind strong, and my memory was very much improved and I was well in every respect. I can only give you a faint idea of all the good the food has done me. It is all I eat for supper nowadays, and the rest of my family think as much of it as I do. Truly it is a great food, and if it were not a great food it would not have done me so much good and have such a tremendous sale in my store." Name given by Postum Co, Battle Creek, Mich.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,600.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.

Scandinavian Conferences

THE DANO-NORWEGIAN WESTERN

This conference held its thirteenth meeting with the hospitable church in Maple Valley, Wis., June 10-14. Thirty delegates, ministerial and lay, were present, and on the last day more than fifty visitors.

Rev. S. K. Didriksen of Hartford, Ct., a member of the Eastern Conference, was heartily welcomed. Rev. H. F. Josephson, general missionary, was moderator.

The sessions were occupied largely with the consideration of practical church work. Such subjects were discussed as: What mission did Christ give to his disciples; and are our churches fulfilling it? The outlook for our work in the light of Scripture and experience. The chief object of the Sunday school; and how shall we reach it? What is most needed in work for the young people? The New Testament teaching as to unity among Christians. Prof. R. A. Jernberg presented the pressing needs of Chicago Seminary.

In connection with the conference the Gospel Home Missionary Society held its yearly meeting. Rev. C. T. Dyrness of Chicago is president. This society a year ago began a tent-mission work in neglected fields in North Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin, which has more than met the expectations of its projectors, and has resulted in many revivals. The intention is to put a second tent into service this season, and a number of calls for it have already been received.

The devotional and preaching services were of great power, were largely attended and have left a profound spiritual impress.

SWEDISH NORTHWESTERN

At Lake City, Minn., May 27-31 the Conference of Swedish Congregational preachers of the Northwest held its annual meeting. One member came more than 400 miles to enjoy the sessions. Practical subjects were discussed.

The missionary society, closely affiliated with the conference, held its yearly meeting at the same time. Reports showed earnest, self-denying effort, with excellent results.

The Sunday services were marked by large gatherings and spiritual fervor. S. V. S. F.

Record of the Week

[Continued from page 33.]

nicants retain the cup, refraining from partaking until all are served, when, the deacons having returned to their places and being seated, the pastor, with appropriate Scriptural reference, invites a simultaneous act of participation. The practice adds a sense of unity in the observance and confines to one period the sound and motion resulting from depositing cups in the book racks.

WESTBROOK, CT., Rev. G. F. Bailey, pastor. The evolutionary idea of church life was illustrated in the Children's Day service. It began with the baptism of infants, followed by a service of song and praise rendered by the Sunday school, ending in the presentation of Bibles to those in the twelfth year. The service reached its climax when a class of ten, all but one from the immediate ranks of the Sunday school, were received into church membership.

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NINETY-NINTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT, JANUARY, 1903

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks	$427,046.49
Special Deposits in Trust Companies	545,527.84
Real Estate	1,593,392.08
United States Bonds	2,040,000.00
State and City Bonds	2,869,000.00
Railroad Bonds	1,375,430.00
Water and Gas Bonds and Stocks	519,000.00
Railroad Stocks	6,174,550.00
Bank and Trust Co. Stocks	456,250.00
Bonds and Mortgages, being 1st lien on Real Estate	112,750.00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	985,872.94
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1903	9,315.79
	$17,108,635.12

LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital	$3,000,000.00
Reserve Premium Fund	5,986,873.00
Unpaid Losses	757,114.48
Unpaid Re-Insurance, and other claims	853,608.25
Reserve for Taxes	75,000.00
Net Surplus	6,436,088.69
	$17,108,635.12
Surplus as regards Policy-holders	$9,436,088.69

JOHN H. WASHBURN, *President.*
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Those who feel a disinclination to offer prayer in their own words will find this *exactly what they want* for use in the family, perhaps while seated round the table together.

It is daintily printed and bound in leatherette, and the price is **only 30 cents net.**

BOSTON The Pilgrim Press CHICAGO

A Brief from Ohio

THE CONFERENCES

The conferences this spring were rather generally topical, with an unusual number of strong single addresses and series. *Central North* considered The Church: Apostolic, of the Reformation, of Today, Ideal; with addresses on The Call for Church Loyalty, and The Church at Work: Teaching, Training, Evangelizing. *Central Ohio* heard of The Problem of the Country Church, from a country parson. The general subject at *Cleveland* was The Young People: in Sunday School, and Organizations for Boys; closing with a spirited discussion of the question, Is the Christian Endeavor Society still the best form of Young People's Religious Organization? affirmed by Treasurer Shaw of the National Christian Endeavor and further discussed by Drs. Mills and Hiatt.

Grand River heard an able address by Rev. Harry Palmer, newly come to the Swedish Church at Ashtabula, on Christian Unity. *Medina* considered Church Officers: Superintendent, Deacon, Trustee, Clerk; and was favored with a comprehensive address on Our Work among the Slavic Population, from Professor Mishkovsky of Oberlin. At *Plymouth Rock* the topic was The Christian: in the Home, the Church, Society, at Work, in Business, as a Citizen, in relation to the Extension of Christ's Kingdom. Dr. Leonard gave a valuable, practical address on What Congregationalism Is, and What Congregationalists Should Be.

Evangelization was the ruling word at *Puritan;* with the Bible, the Holy Spirit, Prayer, a Consecrated Life as Sources of Evangelistic Power; and a closing address on the Pastor as Evangelist by the veteran Dr. T. E. Monroe. *Toledo* talked of The Next Thing, or The Forward Movement in our Churches; in Church Administration, Sunday School Work, Prayer Meeting, Young People, World Evangelization, Woman's Work and Christian Living.

A YEAR OF CHANGES

Of 266 churches reported in the Ohio Minutes for 1903—13 outside the state—89—a full third—had some change in pastorate during the year. On the other hand, one conference reports the removal of five pastors who had served their respective churches, three, six, seven, nine and eleven years.

CLEVELAND NOTES

The Christian Brotherhood at Hough Avenue is working effectively among the men. Trinity pledges its $20,000 debt in full, with timely aid from the Building Society. East Church subscribes in full the $6,000 needed to claim a friend's offer of $5,000; thus securing from the City Missionary Society the $20,000 church property. North Church at once builds its basement, putting on temporary roof, and thus securing a much better place for worship. The Ladies' Association of Euclid Avenue last year raised $3,000.

The Congregational Club elected Prof. G. Frederick Wright of Oberlin president. The Woman's Congregational Club of Cleveland and vicinity is a new organization, without roll of members or membership dues, meeting four times a year, with program carefully prepared by a committee from all the churches for the consideration of matters of common interest to the women of the churches. Its meetings, held at midday, have thus far been largely attended, and of great practical value.

The Ministers' Meeting, which of late has met at noon, with lunch, heard Dr. Duncan on Changes in the Mountain South as seen in his eighteen years' acquaintance; Rev. E. S. Rothrock and Rev. A. F. Skeele in reviews of The Religion of a Mature Mind and The Life of a Bee; and Dr. Hiatt on The Deep Things of the Child; and adjourned until October.

The Ohio Home Missionary Society and Secretary Fraser have removed to 741 Caxton Building.

FROM THE STATE AT LARGE

Rev. S. M. Johnson at Atwater sends out winning and effective pastoral letters to his people. Berea will soon dedicate its completely rebuilt house of worship, which will give the church suitable place in this Methodist university town. Burton mourns with Rev. B. A. Williams the death of his beautiful, gifted and winning wife. Rock Creek, Rev. O. R. Newcomb, uses with advantage a half column in the village paper. Ruggles has started an endowment fund. Plymouth Church, Youngstown, Rev. D. T. Thomas, holds a profitable meeting of deacons and trustees after the Sunday evening service. Mayflower Church, Mansfield, as results of a special meeting, has added 188 to its membership, 94 men and boys, 94 women and girls, mostly adults. It now has 500 members. Rev. R. H. Edmonds has been with the church over a dozen years.

J. G. F.

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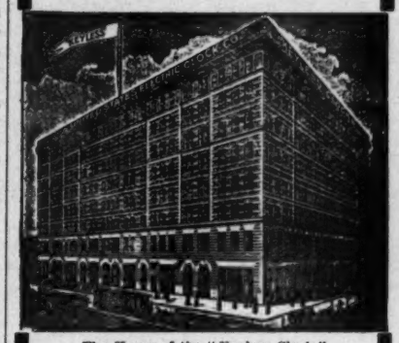

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